

THE
WANDERINGS
OF
YOUTH:
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
COURSILLAC and DORIGNI.

g w -e

328-1336
33

The Sallies of GENIUS,
AND
WANDERINGS
OF
YOUTH:
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
COURSILLAC and DORIGNI.

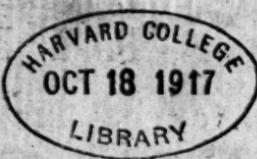
Taken chiefly from the FRENCH.

“ Happy the Man, whose Wish and Care
“ A few paternal Acres bound,
“ Content to breathe his native Air,
“ In his own Ground.”

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street; and
T. SLACK, in Newcastle.

M D C C L X X.



Sohier fund



P R E F A C E.

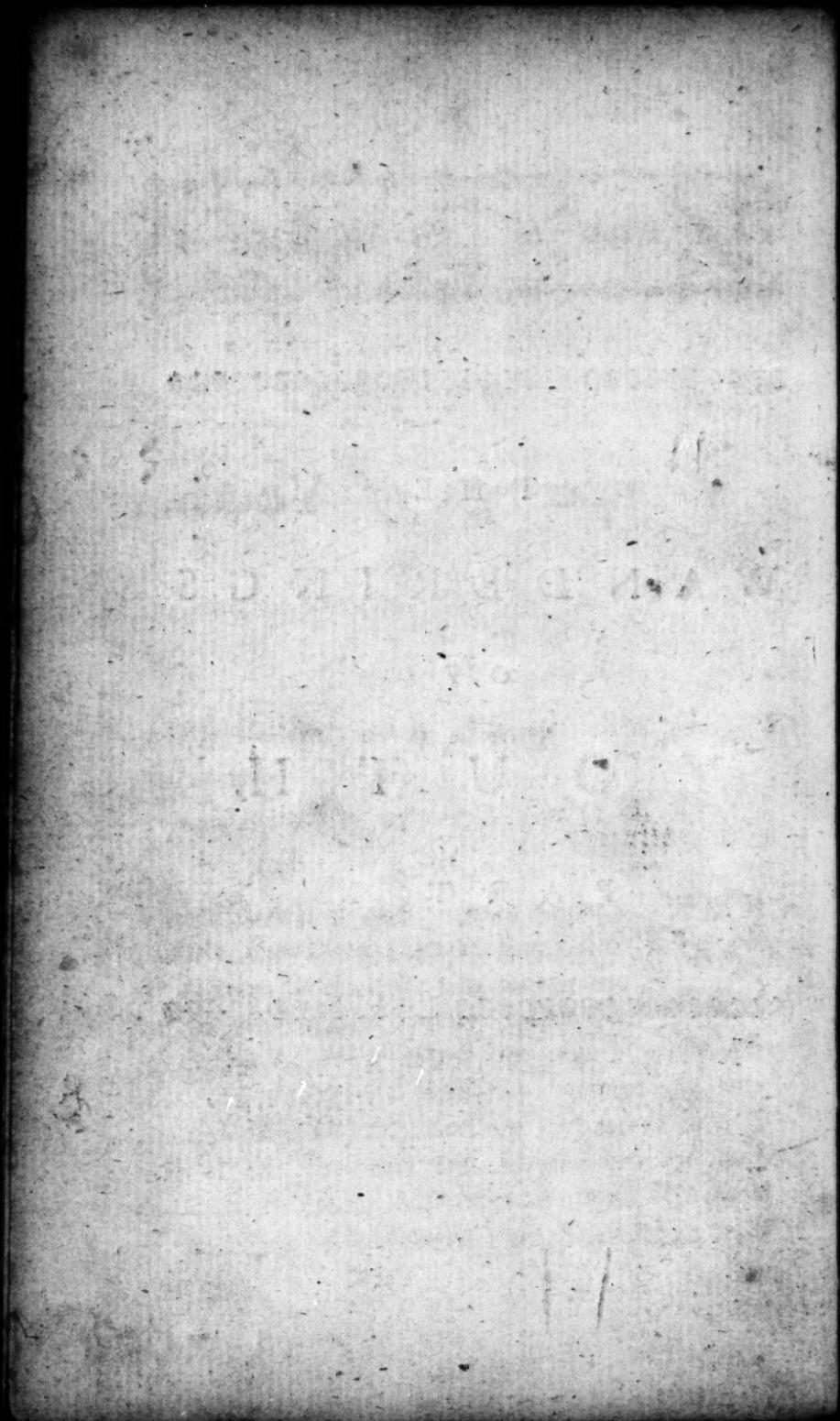
In all ages, and in all stations, people commit follies. Those of the great world are most brilliant and conspicuous; but those of the common sort of men should not be less interesting. I have therefore selected my Heroes from the middling ranks of life; upon the supposition, that I shall, by this means, please the greater number, perhaps the wiser part, of

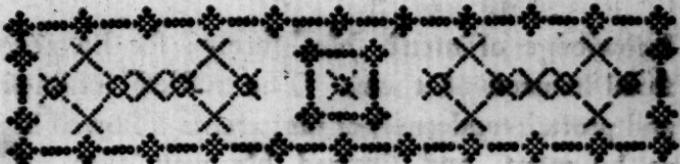
of my Readers. We love to be softened by stories of people upon a level with ourselves. Two young Fools, whom a passion for the stage and adventures tempted from home; a young Girl, whom a foolish passion for a stranger carried far from her native country ; a Philosopher, whom love conducted to a desart; these are the Characters I bring upon the stage.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In quest of happiness, which dwells at home:
With vain pursuits fatigu'd, at length we find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind.

T H E
W A N D E R I N G S
O F
Y O U T H.

P A R T I.





T H E

Wanderings of Youth.

P A R T F I R S T.

C H A P. I.

The Birth and Education of Courfillac.

YOUNG man of quality quits *Paris* at
the age of twenty; posts thro' *France*;
visits foreign courts; and returns to
his father's house, after seeing magni-
ficent buildings, the master-pieces of sculpture,
and antiquities. His idle curiosity is gratified.
It is all the advantages he derives from his travels.
But has he learned any thing of the human
heart? Has he discovered the hidden springs that
set it in motion? In a word, has he acquired the

A know-

knowledge of men? No, surely; for he never stood in need of them. The restless fondness, and profuse tenderness of his parents followed him as he went, and strewed his way over with flowers: he was always a stranger to fatigue, and never reduced to the necessity of imploring the succour of his fellow creatures. Our hero, however, travelled not in this way. He was the sport of fortune: adversity taught him to sound the depths of the human heart; and his good-luck instructed him in the knowledge of himself. Experience and necessity are the two best schools for man.

M. PERRIN, the father of *Courfillac*, occupied the station of a Judge, in a small town near *Au*, the capital of *Provence*. At his first setting out in life, he discovered excellent dispositions, and was long considered as the oracle of equity. But he lost himself at last in the labyrinth of the law: he was seduced by the general bad example of its ministers, who make no scruple of sacrificing innocence to interest; and their pernicious principles became the soul that directed all his steps, and dictated all his determinations.

IT happened one day that a fair plaintiff came to solicit him; she threw herself at his knees; she watered them with tears, more eloquent than the most studied oratory. They found an

easy

easy way to his heart, which the phlegm of old age had not as yet secured against the influences of love. The Judge, however, was determined to accommodate his affection to his interest. He promised every thing to his fair petitioner, upon condition she wou'd only give him herself and her patrimony. The suit she solicited affected all she was worth in the world: and she had no notion of parting, at any rate, with the favours of fortune. She gained her cause; and her hand was the price of the benefit.

A BOY was the offspring of this marriage; and they gave him the name of *Courfillac*. His father fancied he saw in him a rising pillar of justice. He built upon him the pleasing hopes of transmitting to posterity, that spirit of chicanery which he himself possessed.

AN Astrologer flattered him with a horoscope favourable to his wishes. He had but little difficulty in persuading him that his son was born under the sign of the Ballance. *Perrin* was not ungrateful. The chimerical prediction determined a process in favour of the Astrologer.

YOUNG *Courfillac* begun very early, however, to falsify what he had foretold. His father surprized him one day, tearing to pieces a contract and some other papers of a similar nature, that had been

imprudently left within his reach. The sight brought tears into the eyes of the Magistrate, but the Astrologer dried them up, by persuading him, that the inevitable influences of his planet wou'd overpower the vicious inclinations of his nature.

SCARCE could *Coursillac* lisp a few words of Latin, 'ere his father sent him to the College of Fléeche. The Jesuits directed his studies, and the proficiency of their pupil did them honour. They judged of his talents without consulting the stars, and congratulated M. *Perrin* on having given birth to a son that promised great things.



CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*The Sequel of Coursillac's Education.—The Abuse
of paternal Authority.*

COURSILLAC had not well finished his philosophical course, before his father brought him home to live with himself. He gave him very early notice of his intentions. He ordered him to apply without intermission to the study of the laws; and thought to transport him by the information, that Heaven had destined him to become one day the light of the bar. *Coursillac* dissembled his surprize, and his aversion to an employment of which he entertained a most pitiful opinion, for all the honourable names and high praises he was accustomed to hear lavished upon it. "What," said he, when he got by himself, "and must I be buried in this labyrinth? No: in vain does my father oppose the bent of my inclination. What, I shall I quit the Muses for *Cujas* and *Bartolle*? Shall I grovel in the dust, and quibble at the bar, instead of taking the natural flight of my genius, and ascending to *Parnassus*, with the talents for which I feel myself inspired?" He was, however, under the disagreeable necessity of ac-

commodating himself a little to the inclinations of M. Perrin. He was obliged to devote a great part of every day to the study of the law, to an attendance upon its courts, and to launch out in the praises of pitiful pleaders, and ignorant advocates. At night, however, young *Courfillac* made himself ample amends for all the disgusting employments that preyed upon his mind throughout the day. He divided between the belles lettres and philosophy, the time that nature destines to the repose of man. After discussing thoroughly metaphysical and obscure questions, he relaxed his mind by reading the best modern Poets. He made himself merry with *Chaulieu*; he melted himself to tenderness with *Racine*, and elevated himself with *Voltaire*. Never was there a heart more susceptible of passion than his: he had positively a taste for the fine arts: it is the portion of people of great sensibility.-- The perusal of poets heated his soul with ambition; he became wearied of admiring them; he wished to follow them in their dangerous career to glory. He composed sundry things in verse, and discovered in them a rapid and sublime genius. But having nobody to direct him in this study, he was unacquainted with the art of subduing the luxuriancy of his imagination. He would sometimes amuse himself with giving lessons of poetry to his young sister, whose name

name was *Agatha*, and he inspired her with a taste for literature. M. *Perrin* minded nothing but interest ; in an affair where a parent risks the happiness of his children for life, a proper regard to their inclinations shou'd not be neglected. For a husband to his daughter, he had positively fixed upon an old attorney, fattered with the blood of the orphan and the oppressed ; who had no other talent besides the art of embroiling people in quarrels, and perplexing the clearest affairs. To these blessed qualities he had joined the most ridiculous pedantry, dauntless effrontery, and insupportable presumption. *Agatha* had conceived a most invincible aversion to him ; but she was a perfect mistress of dissimulation. It is the talent of the sex. Meanwhile the fatal day fast approached, when M. *Perrin* was ready to sign an odious contract, the irrevocable sentence of his daughter's misery for life. *Coursillac*, who was unacquainted with the secret hatred that *Agatha* bore to her intended husband, was agreeably engaged in composing an *Epithalamium*. In it he painted the chains of *Hymen* as a garland of flowers ; and introduced him, lighting up his torch at the flambeau of *Love*. *Themis*, the Goddess of Laws, was represented in the attitude of pulling off the bandage that hoodwinked her, to behold, for the first time, the happiness of her loving children. In a

word,

word, the young poet had given full swing to his imagination.

ONE day *Agatha* had walked out, unattended, to enjoy the gentle and refreshing breezes of the evening, and to indulge her maiden meditations, upon the beautiful banks of a river; that washed the walls of the city. Day was now gone, and night had spread her sable mantle over the face of the sky. M. *Perrin* had been long returned from the court, and *Agatha* was not to be seen or heard of. The house was alarmed; the servants were dispatched in all haste, some one way, some another, to the places and the people she was wont to frequent. They made the strictest enquiry about her, and returned overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. It was a perfect mystery what could have become of her. They had wearied themselves, and were still busied in conjectures about her absence, when some fishermen brought her mantle, which they had found floating upon the river. In an instant the house resounded with lamentations; and tears were seen to drop from the stoical eyes of the inflexible *Perrin*. When they had recovered a little from the first transports of sorrow, the fishers were interrogated more particularly. All they said was, that a gentleman walking near the river had seen *Agatha* drop into it,—that upon being informed of the unfortunate accident, they had done every thing

thing in their power to save her, but that the close of the day had rendered all their well-meant endeavours ineffectual. The tender-hearted fishers could not behold a family in such deep distress, without being softened to sensibility. They were well paid for their trouble and their sympathy; and the family abandoned all hopes of ever seeing more the dear girl, in whom nature had united all the talents and accomplishments, that render the one sex charming and the other happy.

COURSILLAC retired late to his chamber, with his heart full of sorrow. He happened to cast his eyes upon the cursed *Epithalamium*. High were once his hopes of it, but hard was its fate. He tore it into pieces without mercy, and immediately began an *Elegy* upon the death of his sister; converting, as it is easy to suppose, the myrtles of love into wreaths of cypres. Grief rendered him eloquent. An *extempore* thing, inspired by sentiment, and expressed with passion, is often preferable to the most elaborate productions of art. The elegy was finished that very night. He sent it to the *Mercury*: it was inserted with high commendation. *Coursillac* consoled himself for the loss of his sister, with the thoughts of having restored her to life, and perpetuated her memory in a poetical picture of her charms. He ventured upon this step without consulting M. *Perrin*. Some or other of the old man's friends congratulated him upon

upon his son's poetical abilities, and shewed him the elegy that was printed in the *Mercury*. He hastened home; he called for *Courfillac*, and abruptly accosted him in the following manner.

" It is in vain then, it seems, that I have forbid
 " you every kind of study, except that of the
 " law. I cannot cast out that poetical devil that
 " possesses you: I have already seen your name
 " placed in a common Journal. The plain lan-
 " guage of this indiscreet publication is, that you
 " want every body should know how much you are
 " degenerated from your father. Unhappy boy! do
 " you consider to what this rhyming trade will bring
 " you? It will bring you to beggary. The hos-
 " pital will be your *Parnassus*. Do you think,
 " Sirrah, that I will toil without intermission, to
 " see the fruits of my labours evaporate like
 " smoke? Do you imagine I will rack my brains
 " with thought to amass riches, for a coxcomb
 " to squander them among rapacious printers
 " and griping booksellers? I am sensible these
 " reasons are a bridle, too weak to curb your pas-
 " sions. But mark what I tell you, if ever a
 " single couplet more drops from your pen, you
 " are that instant undone, and I will disinherit
 " you directly."—*Courfillac* was about to reply,
 but M. *Perrin* hastily withdrew, and snatching
 up his papers and his satchels, hurried away to
 wreck his wrathful passion upon the unfortunate
 advocates.

advocates. His son continued some time speechless, as if he had been thunderstruck. "What," said he, when he recovered from his consternation, "and does my father condemn me for consecrating my parts, to honour the memory of a sister, dearer to me than my own life? Does he impute to me as a crime, the tribute that Nature exacted? Sure he is *disinherited* by nature— She has discontinued her applications to his heart. Never has he known the tender sensibilities of inward friendship;—he must be an utter stranger to the sacred feelings that cement and endear social life. Alas! if this be the case, in vain should I try to reconcile him to my inclinations. Nor would my endeavours be less ineffectual, should I attempt to call my literature to my aid. There is only one resource left me, and that is, to fly from my father's house, and to cultivate my talents to gain my bread."



C H A P. III.

Courfillac's Plan.—The Character of Dorigni.

FROM that moment *Courfillac* no longer dissembled his aversion to the study of law. *Cujas* and *Dormat* lay at profound repose in the dust of his library, and he regaled himself with *Racine* and *Moliere*, for the wearisome hours and days that he had spent in the perusal of immense volumes on the insipid science of Jurisprudence, the thorns of which are not even concealed under the flowers of Eloquence.—He had cultivated a very intimate acquaintance with a young gentleman, who had united all the suffrages in the pit of *Bordeaux* in his favour, by his majestic and theatrical figure, his affecting voice, and his real taste for declamation. But jealousy was always the inseparable companion of genius; and his envious fellow-actors formed so many cabals against him, that he was obliged to abandon the Theatre. He continued, however, to cultivate his dramatic talents, with indefatigable ardour; and prepared himself for appearing again upon it, with his dear *Courfillac*, to whom he had communicated his passion for the stage. I shall only introduce him to the acquaintance of my readers, under the feigned

feigned name of *Dorigni*, which he assumed with his basquin. These two friends had only one soul;—a great dash of melancholy in their tempers; a real taste for the same studies; hearts tenderly susceptible of the same passions; and, in a word, that undescribable sympathy, which passes under the title of friendship, formed and cemented their connection. They were not long in imparting to each other the plans they had settled upon. “ You know,” said *Courfillac* one day to his friend, “ you see with what severity I am treated by my father. He sets himself in direct opposition to the bent of my genius, and seems to be of opinion, that I received my being for no other purpose but to preserve in his family that odious gown, which my heart, above all things upon earth, despises and detests. I have taken my resolution. I will forego his fortune, and that place which nature gave me pretensions to hold in his heart. If futurity has any felicity in reserve for me, I will owe it only to myself. Imitate my example: let us fly together: you also have the same complaint against nature. If you will join issues with me, I will swear never to abandon you.” *Dorigni* made no other reply, but by repeating a verse of *Voltaire*:

B

“ Your

“ YOUR word suffices ; more sacred I deem
 “ the security,
“ Than the altars of the Gods, surrounded with
 “ perjury.” (a)

FROM this time they began to concert the scheme of their operations. *Courfillac* had in his *port-folio* several dramatic compositions. They flattered themselves that the representation of them wou’d bring them in immense sums. Besides, they were both to appear in course in the drama; and *Courfillac*, whose ears had never been shocked with the hisses of disapprobation, was perfectly intoxicated with the pleasing ideas of claps, and loud-expressed applauses. He had composed a Romance, which he sent to a bookseller at *Aix*. It was examined and reviewed : its masterly execution silenced even censure itself. The bookseller took upon himself the chance of the impression ; and *Courfillac* received only a bill for six hundred livres. There was a necessity for waiting until the bill became due, before they cou’d set out upon their travels. To rob covetous fathers was a perilous undertaking ; besides, the two friends did not chuse to carry away with them the everlasting remorse of having offered an outrage to nature.

ONE

(a) Death of *Cæsar*, a tragedy.

ONE day *Dorigni* accosted *Coursillac* with an air of the utmost terror and distraction. “ I am ruined,” said he to him, “ if I do not prevent my misfortune by speedy flight. Who cou’d have detected our designs I know not; but my father is informed of my resolution to appear again upon the stage. Full of the cruel preju- dice that is entailed upon the profession of a player, he is now preparing to put me under close confinement. He has already written to procure a *lettre de cachet*. If we delay our departure but two days longer, my ruin is cer- tain, and I shall enjoy light and liberty no more.” “ Alas! my friend,” replied *Cour- sillac*, “ this determines our course;—there is an end of talking upon the subject;—make haste, sell and pawn every thing that is at your dis- posal. If we can but contrive to get the length of *Aix*, my bookseller will be so obliging as readily to advance me what will enable us to push our fortunes on another scene. To- morrow, before day-break, expect me at this fountain: be sure now to be punctual on your part: we can easily decamp unperceived. If friendship be a virtue, Heaven shou’d protect it, and tenderly watch over us.”

C H A P. IV.

Their Departure.—Their Arrival at Aix.

COURSILLAC returned to his father's house, where supper waited for him. He exerted his utmost efforts to appear unruffled and tranquil: but it was easy to discover from his eyes, that he was in perplexity and trouble. He withdrew from table soon, and without ceremony. Retiring to his chamber, he threw himself upon the bed. There disquieting apprehensions crowded from all sides, fast and manifold upon him. A thousand abysses opened to his view, and under his feet. He was upon the point of an elopement which he had not thoroughly considered: his own talents were but a precarious resource: his misery was certain, if he should not have the success that he flattered himself withal: and it was not unlikely but that the resentment and wrath of an incensed father wou'd follow him wherever he went. Nature too put in at last her claims; she gained ground apace, and seemed to have entirely overpowered him with the genuine sentiments of a genetous heart. He could not think of abandoning the giver of his life, who promised him—

himself to find in him a support in his old age.

" It is true," said he, " M. Perrin has behaved
 " to me more like a tyrant than a father; but
 " who can determine the precise point of seve-
 " rity to which the rigour of a parent may ex-
 " tend, without cancelling the obligation to filial
 " obedience?" His heart suffered very exqui-
 " sitely from this conflict of reflections and senti-
 " ments. At last, he said to himself, " Nature,
 " without consulting me, obtruded a father upon
 " me, but my friend was my own voluntary
 " choice." This latter consideration bore all
 before it: it entirely superseded every other.
 By this time day-break approached; he sprung
 up from his bed; stuffed his pockets with his
 dramatic compositions; slipped out in a hurry; and
 escaped unnoticed under favour of night. Dorigni,
 full of impatience, had flown already to the place
 of assignation. The few minutes that he had
 spent there by himself, had tortured him with a
 thousand vexatious imaginations. He no sooner
 perceived *Coursillac*, than he flew to him, and
 got him in his arms: " At last," said he,
 " thank Heaven, we are united. How I trem-
 " bled lest some evil genius, envious of our hap-
 " piness, should have disconcerted all our de-
 " signs. At last, however, I behold and embrace
 " you; my heart is dilated with gladness, and I
 " feel as if I were just ushered into life for no

" other end, and with no other inclination,
" than only to live with you."

THEY instantly begun their travels, often casting apprehensive looks behind them ; and taking all the travellers they perceived coming up, for officers of the police dispatched in pursuit of them. Fear quickened their pace ; it lent them wings. " Blythsome *Phæbus*," said *Courfille*, " hastens, with all the impatience of a bride-groom, to his dear *Thetis*, but he will see us safe into *Aix*, before he reposes himself upon her bosom." In fact, they arrived there about sun-set, but perfectly spent with fatigue. They threw themselves upon a bed extremely hard, but it felt to them softer than the softest down. Want gives the relish and the edge to every thing. *Courfille* got up betimes in the morning, and hurried away to M. *D'Eboraco*, his bookseller. He was a little diminutive creature ; a mere apology for a man. Nature had diverted herself with blending her foibles very oddly in his composition. He was both pitiful and pompous ; ignorant and pedantic ; fawning and insolent : a perfect sycophant in the pursuit of his interest ; and a perfect tyrant in the exercise of his power. He was very talkative, but very unconvincible ; very censurable, and very censorious. He undervalued and undermined his fellow-stationers, and had

had a sovereign contempt for authors, though he got his bread by their works. By the luck of mercenary marriages ; by perpetual piracies, and the various tricks of his trade, he had scraped together an independent fortune. Nevertheless, the habit of servility continued, greatly unconquered and unconquerable. He cringed as formerly, upon suitable occasions ; and flattered as usual, upon promising emergencies. But he indulged more freely and more frequently the innate insolence of his temper, and the natural haughtiness of his heart. He received *Courfillac* with an air that astonished him. But he was at present under the necessity of enduring his arrogance without murmuring. He could not at this time do without him. He mentioned his situation, and presented his bill. *D'Eboraco* started back some steps at the sight. He swore he was in extreme distress. *Courfillac* offered to make an abatement of the third part, for the prompt payment of the remainder. The muscles of his face began to relax at this proposal ; a smile took place in his countenance ; he altered the stile of his language, and the tone of his voice ; he fawned and flattered, and scraped and bowed, and withdrew to serve him, he said, if it was possible. He returned in an instant with the four hundred livres, for which, he declared, he had himself the most urgent

urgent demand at the time; but indeed the very necessitous plight in which he beheld him, wrung them, he protested, out of his hands. He paid the money, and cancelled the draught. *Courfillac* departed, loading him, all the way as he went, with compliments and benedictions.



C H A P. V.

Their Arrival at Lyons.—Their Reception into a Company of Players.

DORIGNI trembled with fear, lest the Bookseller, by an obstinate refusal of the money, should stop them short in the very beginning of their career. Presently he saw Courfillac enter, with joy painted on his countenance. He easily read in his eye the happy success of his visit: the pleasing sight, and the agreeable sound of the silver, re-established tranquillity in his breast, and re-animated his drooping hopes. They set out post immediately. The Director made at the first some difficulty about trusting horses to young strangers; who were, he said, generally inconsiderate and uncircumspect in their conduct. But Dorigni gave him to understand, that Courfillac was a young Nobleman, travelling *incognito*; that he was his governor, and answerable for his behaviour. He accompanied this information with an air so solemn and so important, and acted the farce so perfectly, that the Director, though an excellent physiognomist, was effectually imposed upon. They set off instantly; they flew; and at last entered Lyons in triumph.

THE

THE first thing they did there, was to find out the manager of the playhouse; they introduced themselves to him so advantageously, and appeared to him persons of such consequence, that he loaded them with caresses, and kept them to supper. Many of his actors, who were invited to be of the party, heaped upon them compliments the most flattering, and in appearance the most sincere. *Courfillac*, young and without experience, begun to congratulate himself on being admitted a member of a society, in which he observed so much politeness and union. He thought he would divert the company, by relating the story of his elopement. His relation was very circumstantial; he did not omit the minutest particular: he was as yet unacquainted with the dangers of indiscretion. Towards the close of the evening, he regaled the company with some morsels of a tragedy he had composed. *Dorigni*, too, gave them a specimen of his talent for declamation, by repeating some passages from *Racine*. They were both considered and treated as the peculiar favourites of *Melpomene*. The company spoke in the highest terms of compliment and rapture of their masterly abilities for their respective walks, and left them, already intoxicated with the fumes of applause. They returned to their inn. *Courfillac* anticipated with singular enjoyment the

hap-

happiness that offered itself to him. " My friend," said *Dorigni*, " we are at this moment in a situation perfectly similar to that of *Telемachus* and *Mentor*, after the first interview that they had with the Goddess *Calypso*. The one, young and unexperienced, artless and unsuspicous of art, cheated and seduced by the address and flattering promises of the Goddess, fondly abandoned himself to the most enchanting hopes and expectations. The other was full of diffidence and suspicions. The part of *Mentor* it ill becomes me to assume ; lessons of wisdom must come with a bad grace, and with great disadvantage, from the mouth of such a giddy fellow as I am. Nevertheless, you stand in need of counsel ; and truth, who ever speaks it, is respectable. Suffer me, then, to moralize for a moment.

" SELF-LOVE is the general foible of human nature. Its dominion over some is tyrannical : its influence is not so great over those who can resist it, and who are upon their guard against it. Be at some pains with yourself. Keep down, and if you possibly can, smother the fatal seeds which can produce no fruits, but such as are destructive. Accustom your ears to receive praises, without transmitting to your heart those flattering impressions that they ex-
" cite

“ cite in our senses: It is more especially in the
“ kind of society with which we are now con-
“ nected, that one is under a necessity of learn-
“ ing to receive a compliment, to answer it, and
“ at the same time to mistrust the person who
“ pays it. I know the rocks that people of this
“ profession ordinarily split upon. I have been
“ upon the stage before now; I have been atten-
“ tive to the characters of players; and I have
“ learned to my cost, that jealousy, and secret
“ and reciprocal hatred are the springs of all their
“ actions. You will naturally expect that I
“ should account for that union that appears to
“ reign among them; and you will, no doubt, be
“ curious to know, how men should be able so
“ effectually to suppress their resentments, and
“ to wear an appearance of concord and confi-
“ dence, so apt to impose upon the public. I
“ can unfold this mystery. The players of *Paris*
“ would not impose upon you with the enticing
“ appearance of a society, seemingly animated by
“ the same spirit. They see one another but
“ seldom; they converse with indifference, and
“ often with animosity and contempt. They
“ are at no pains to disguise their mutual aver-
“ sions; they openly cabal against one another.
“ Every individual among them has his friends
“ in the pit, and his protectors in the side-boxes;
“ and

" and there are eternal intrigues going forward,
 " whence it sometimes happens, that their differ-
 " ent parties are kept in a perfect equilibrium.
 " This mutual hatred, and open opposition, en-
 " tirely arise from the favourable countenance
 " they receive from the great. The ridiculous
 " prejudice that renders the profession of an actor
 " ignominious, does not prevail in the metropo-
 " lis. There the Nobility amuse themselves
 " not unfrequently with the company of the
 " players; and invite their favourites among
 " them to their pleasurable parties, and most
 " elegant entertainments. Hence they are not
 " under the necessity of cultivating social inter-
 " course among themselves, which they can find
 " more commodiously by mixing freely with the
 " world. Need brings and binds men together;
 " necessity is the magic and indissoluble cement
 " of society. The provincial players, being the
 " victims of a foolish and fatal prejudice, expe-
 "rience from the public an ungenerous ingra-
 " titude, mixed with contempt. The purse-
 " proud, dull citizen insults the ingenious people
 " who devote their talents to his pleasures, and
 " their evenings to his diversion. By conse-
 " quence they are therefore under the necessity
 " of herding together, and obliged by their kind
 " attentions, and sweet courtesies to one another,
 " to beguile the tedium of life, and pass their

“ leisure time as pleasantly as possible. But the
“ gall of envy is within them ; it rankles in
“ their hearts, and preys upon them in secret.
“ Policy merely, insidious policy, is the bond
“ of their society. The familiarity in which
“ they live together appears natural, though
“ affected ; and not one of them is so weak as
“ to be the dupe of his companion’s carelessness.
“ If a player at any time feels the sentiments of
“ true friendship, he never attaches himself, un-
“ less it be to a person whose abilities are so in-
“ considerable, as to give him no umbrage or
“ very uneasy apprehensions. He hates every
“ person that is able, or that he believes likely to
“ eclipse himself. In their societies, more espe-
“ cially, jealousy is the sign and seal of true
“ merit. You will be unfortunate, indeed, my
“ dear *Courfillac*, if you have no enemies in
“ your new profession. I promise you, you will
“ have a great many ; I even wish you may. It
“ is the first wish of the kind that ever friendship
“ could inspire. May I myself be jealous of
“ your success, and of your growing merit.”—
In this strain of discourse they talked themselves
asleep.

C H A P. VI.

The Consequence of Coursillac's Indiscretion.

NEXT morning the waiter of the inn came up very early to acquaint them, that three gentlemen, dressed in blue, wanted to speak with them. "Shew them up stairs," said *Coursillac*: "I cannot dissemble my fears;" added he, addressing himself to *Dorigni*, "this uniform blue has a bad aspect. They are certainly officers of the Police, employed by our fathers to arrest us. What do you think we must do in this critical case?" "Make the most vigorous resistance," replied *Dorigni*, jumping to his sword: "Second me only; I desire no more of you." In the instant furious knockings were heard at the door; and a voice like thunder bawled out the terrible words, "Open in the King's name." *Dorigni* opened the door, and leaping lightly backwards, he put himself upon his guard. "Deliver your arms," said one of these officers of the Police; "your resistance will be in vain; you are ignorant of the consequences." "We know them perfectly," said *Dorigni*, in a resolute tone:

C 2

"But

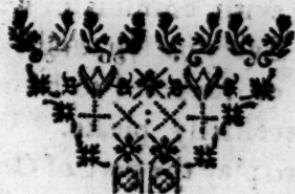
" But a man is always master of his own
 " fate,
 " When he sees with equal eye or life or
 " death." (b)

* THE head officer smiled at this quotation, and returning his sword into the scabbard, " We
 " are charmed," said he, " with your firmness
 " and intrepidity. We are not what we seemed
 " to be. We only borrowed this disguise to
 " frighten you, and to give your friend a lesson
 " of discretion. He related his story last night,
 " with an unreveredness that might have been
 " dangerous, if his confidants had been indis-
 " creet. Lay aside your surprize, and see in us
 " your fellow players."

THEY breakfasted together; and then placed
 themselves around the fire, to hear the Tragedy
 of *Courfille*, which was read to the company.
 They were very lavish of their applause, which
 he considered as the first-fruits, and an earnest of
 the high approbation he reckoned upon receiving
 from a crowded audience in the playhouse. Not-
 withstanding the salutary advice which his friend
 had

(b) *Absalom, a Tragedy, by Duche.*

had given him the preceding evening, he could not withstand that secret pleasure with which commendation tickles our self-love. He determined, at all events, to bring his play upon the stage; and modestly placed himself in the rank of Tragic Poets.



C H A P. VII.

An Apology for the Stage.

THE company resolved to lose no time in bringing *Dorigni* upon the stage. They gave out to the public, that he was formed upon the model of a celebrated player in *Paris*. This advantageous representation of him, prejudiced people in his favour. The metropolis has established so despotic an empire over the province, that it receives with enthusiasm whatever comes from thence. Every person, and every thing that is in the taste, or supposed to be in the taste of *Paris*, must necessarily please. While *Dorigni* was preparing to play the part of *Orosmanes*, *Courfillac* walked out, to leave him at liberty, and to enjoy his own meditations on the charming banks of the *Seine*. He was deeply engaged in attending to the workings of his own heart, and in studying the revolutions that this change of his situation had produced in it, when he observed a man approaching towards him, whom he knew to be an old friend of his father's. He turned aside, in order to avoid him; but the other still followed, and at last overtook him.

" I AM not at all surprised," said he, " that
 " you shun the sight of me; it may, perhaps,
 " be a secret reproach to you. I have known
 " you, Sir, from your very infancy. M. Perrin
 " did me the honour to communicate to me the
 " hopes that he built upon you. It is very true
 " nature has falsified these hopes, by giving you
 " a temperament incompatible with that phlegm
 " which the study of the law, and the gravity of
 " the magistracy require. I am no stranger
 " either to the aversion that you have to the pro-
 " fession of your father, or to the unjust attempts
 " that he has made to subject your inclinations
 " to the yoke of his authority. I have been in-
 " formed of your elopement: but do you ima-
 " gine that the conduct of M. Perrin justifies
 " your behaviour?—You were born with the
 " seeds of virtue, which were cultivated by the
 " assistance of a good education. The error of a
 " moment cannot surely have stifled them; and that
 " honest blush which now covers your coun-
 " nance tells me, that your heart itself smites
 " you with all the reproaches that I could cast
 " upon you. Mean while I must frankly own
 " to you, I was not a little surprised to hear that
 " you intended going upon the stage. Are you
 " ignorant of the ignominy that is attached to
 " this despicable employment? What, my dear

Cour-

“ *Courfillac*, you who always discovered an extraordinary elevation of soul, who always blushed to think with the vulgar, can you really mean to expose yourself, for the diversion and to the contempt of the public.”

“ Ah ! Sir,” replied *Courfillac*, piqued with the expressions of ignominy and despicable employment, “ do you not see, as well as I, a ridiculous inconsistency in the conduct of the public ? What must I think, Sir, when I see this same public thronging in crouds to the play, applauding the players with enthusiasm, and the moment they quit the play-house, throwing a look of disdain upon the very man that but the instant before charmed all their senses ? How is it possible now to reconcile so strange a conduct ? Can it be, Sir, that the public respects only the buskin of the player, and the cloaths that cover him ? Or is this same player less respectable, when, stripping off his theatrical attire, he returns to the condition of a simple citizen ? Ah ! Sir, if this contempt was just, it is upon the stage itself that it ought to overpower the player, and not when, dropping his adopted character, he ranks again undistinguished with the public. But let us enquire into the original of this profession, and view it at least with the eyes of impartiality.

" partiality. The player has the talent of infusing
 " persuasiveness into the heart, of softening
 " it in favour of innocence, of filling it with
 " horror at prosperous and triumphant dishonesty,
 " and of making it detest the monsters
 " whom prejudice crowns with laurels. We
 " groan under the arbitrary power of the great,
 " we murmur at their oppressions, and complain
 " loudly of their tyranny: believe me, Sir, they
 " would annihilate us, but for the habit of frequenting
 " the play-house, and of being there
 " melted into tenderness for injured and oppressed
 " humanity; which every now and then revives
 " in their souls that generous pain, which we
 " cannot help feeling at the sight of a fellow-creature
 " in distress. By this means the empire
 " of remorse is established in their breasts, its
 " salutary stings are sharpened, and the amiable
 " and true colours in which virtue is represented,
 " sometimes in prosperity, and at other times under
 " persecution, unite all the suffrages in its
 " favour.

" I ACKNOWLEDGE indeed, that virtue, beautiful in herself, needs only to be shewn in her own native charms, to captivate the hearts of honest men, and that all the splendour and eclat, with which she is adorned upon the stage, are foreign to her. I own likewise, that the
 " play-

" play-house is not intended, nor indeed necessary, for those wise people, if any such there be, who love virtue for her own sake. But the frail and the selfish are at all times and in all places the vast majority ; and will they, think you, persevere in the thorny paths of virtue, if the thorns be not covered over with flowers. The vulgar, both the high and the low vulgar, are like infants, whom you must beguile with something that is palatable and delicious, to get them to swallow a disagreeable but a salutary potion. The player aims by a similar treatment, to do the like service ; by his art of deception, he wins and imposes upon men for their own good. He employs and flatters their passions, and seems to indulge their workings, and to favour their course, in order to turn them more surely, and to bend them more effectually towards virtue. He will not even suffer people to be virtuous with languor, with lukewarmness and indifference ; he animates them with a powerful enthusiasm, that engages all their faculties ; and interests all their passions, in the study and practice of whatever is great, or beautiful, or good in man. The scenery of the stage first enchanteth the senses, and prepares and disposes them to receive, and to retain, the soft and sweet impressions of virtue."

" I feel

" I FEEL the force of your reasoning," replied the old friend of *Courfillac*, " the contempt and disreputation that are annexed to the profession of a player, spring from no other source but that of prejudice. Nevertheless, added he, an universal prejudice is respectable."

" AH ! Sir," said *Courfillac*, interrupting him, " consider the maxim you have ventured to advance ; you are not sufficiently aware of its dangerous consequences. No, Sir, the contempt of fools is the glory of the wise. I will endeavour to instruct and to refine mankind ; and if I can only be so happy as to instil just notions into their minds, and to invigorate the proper principles of humanity in their hearts, I shall be as insensible to their contempt, as regardless of their approbation."

THE interlocutor now saw perfectly well, that it would be extremely difficult to disabuse a philosophical player, who viewed his occupation in a most favourable. His only hope was, that the disgusts inseparable from this employment, would be more eloquent than all his arguments. He therefore entirely dropped the subject, and left *Courfillac*, more an enthusiast than ever for the dignity of his new profession.

C H A P. VIII.

*Dorigni makes his first appearance upon the stage.—
Coursillac falls in love with an actress.*

BY this time the hour for going to the play approached. *Coursillac* did not fail to attend, in order to be a witness to the success of his friend ; and he joined his applause and his claps to those of the public.

THE name of the actress who played the part of *Zaira* was *Euphemia*. An affecting voice and admirable elocution, tender and passionate eyes, a majestic carriage, and a delicate shape, captivated every heart, and her talents compleated the conquests that her charms had begun. As for *Dorigni* he was not able to cast his eyes upon her, without catching from her's all the fire with which they were animated. He had felt that undescribable trouble, those fears, those desires, those transports, that are the first-fruits of love ; but he had not dared either to communicate the secret of his passion in confidence to his friend, or to discover it to the beautiful eyes that had kindled it in his heart. But now his eloquent looks revealed to her the secret of his soul, and had

had he understood the expressive language of the eyes, as well as he knew how to speak it, he would have easily discerned that *Euphemia* was not insensible.

NEVER had a lover a more favourable opportunity of revealing his flame. He was now playing the part of the most passionate hero, that was ever introduced upon the stage ; and, in fact, he threw so much fire, so much action, so much expression into it, that more spectators than one could read in his eyes the sentiments of his soul. *Euphemia* had never played with so much passion, never had her looks been so languishing, nor her gestures so animated ; but when *Dorigni* put this question to her,

“ ZAIRA, do you love me ?

And when she answered him,

“ I love you,
“ Heaven is my witness, a hundred times more
“ than I do myself ;”

The words were pronounced with so much fire, and accompanied with a glance of her eye, so tender, that *Dorigni* was thoroughly satisfied she spoke the genuine dictates of her own heart. The lover became now deaf to the loud

D

repeated

repeated claps that were given him, and echoed from every corner of the house. Little solicitous about the suffrages of the public, he had no ambition, but the glory of appearing amiable in the eyes of her who had charmed him. Meanwhile *Courfillac*, seated in a side-box, could not, at the sight of *Euphemia*, repel the dart that pierced him to the soul. An absolute captive to the charms of the amiable actress, he could easily read in her eyes the good understanding that reigned between her and his friend. He was filled with love and with jealousy, almost in the same moment. The instant the play broke up, *Dorigni* hastened to find him. "My friend," said he, "so much applause might authorize me "to applaud myself. But I reckon nothing up- "on the suffrages of the public; passionately "fond, always, of whatever wears the appear- "ance of novelty. You must be my judge, and "speak to me with honest freedom. How have "I performed?" "Too naturally," replied *Cour- fillac*. *Dorigni* put many questions to him, but he answered them only in monosyllables. They supped in silence, and soon retired to rest.

C H A P. IX.

*The Success of Dorigni's Amour with Euphemia.—
The Jealousy of Coursillac.*

DO RIGNI, who had drawn by surprise, from the eyes of his mistress, the secret of her heart; now certain that he was beloved, resigned himself insensibly to the sweet refreshments of sleep. But gloomy jealousy kept it off from the eyelids of poor *Coursillac*; and whilst his friend sweetly anticipated in enchanting dreams, the pleasures that love was preparing for him, he abandoned himself to all the painful transports, that the sight of a happy rival could excite in a heart possessed of exquisite sensibility.

“ No,” said he to himself, “ I cannot entertain the least doubt of his loving *Euphemia*, or of his being beloved by her. Did I not see plainly in their eyes the union of their souls? Their gestures had in them inexpressible vivacity; their declamation was full of fire. No, it is not in the manner in which they expressed themselves, that people express a passion which they do not feel. Thus, thou perfidious friend; thou hast only accompanied me in my flight, to

" interfere with me in my pleasures, and to dash
 " them with a profuse mixture of cruel bitter-
 " ness.—Alas! how I rave! how unjust I am!
 " Could *Dorigni* suspect my passion? How possi-
 " bly could he divine it? But what do I talk?
 " Without doubt he must have loved *Euphemia*
 " before my eyes were blessed, or shall I say
 " cursed, with the glorious sight of her charms.
 " He had the address to please her, and shall I
 " impute this to him as a crime? After all, may
 " not friendship subsist between two rivals? No;
 " it is a virtue, too frigid and spiritless, to con-
 " troul, to balance, or to divide the empire of
 " love. And is it so then, that the charms of a
 " woman are upon the point of abolishing a long-
 " avowed, deep-sworn friendship, founded upon
 " a singular similiarity of circumstances, studies
 " and sentiments? I feel already, growing from
 " the bottom of my heart, a secret hatred to this
 " fortunate lover, whose pleasures will be the
 " sources of my miseries. But let him reign in
 " the heart of *Euphemia*. Why should he not?
 " Happiness is made for him. I, however, can-
 " not bear to be a witness of their pleasures, and
 " I abjure, at one and the same time, both love
 " and friendship." He passed the long night in
 this cruel situation, regretting a friendship that
 was dear to him, but hurried away by a passion
 that admits of no other.

EARLY in the morning *Dorigni* went out in an elegant undress, and flew to the toilette of *Euphemia*. Love had whispered in her ear, that he would certainly call upon her, and she had ordered herself to be denied to several officers, who came to pay their respects to her. She pretended an indisposition ; but these gentlemen knew better than to be so easily duped.

DORIGNI conjectured from the reception that he met with from the servant, how favourably the mistress was prepared to receive him. " Well come, my dear *Orofmanes*," said *Euphemia*, " how do you like your *Zaira*? Did I second you properly last night ? Or do you come to complain of me to myself ?" " I complain of you, Madam !" replied he ; " it is to you, to you only, that I owe all my success. Permit me then to pay, as a tribute to you, all the commendations and compliments I received. They are your just due. My triumph is yours. From your eyes I snatched the fire with which I played my part. One sweet smile of these charming lips emboldened me more, than the many tumultuous claps that the indulgence of the public favoured me with. In a word, if I may be allowed to speak frankly upon the occasion, they were not the sentiments of *Orofmanes* that

“ I painted, they were the real sentiments which
 “ penetrate my own heart. In vain should I en-
 “ deavour to conceal them ; my eyes, the too
 “ faithful interpreters of my soul, betray them
 “ every instant. Consult them, my dear *Euphe-*
 “ *mia*, and trust me, my heart belies not their
 “ language. No ; never did mortal man feel a
 “ more tender, or a more constant passion. Be-
 “ lieve me every day will only increase it, and
 “ nothing but death itself can extinguish it.”

“ So then,” said *Euphemia* smiling, “ we have
 “ got now a declaration in form. My poor *Do-*
 “ *rigni* ! what a novice are you ! how vastly I
 “ pity you ! you have great need of my instruc-
 “ tions. I will take upon me the charge of your
 “ education : I will be at some pains to fashion
 “ properly your heart : I will teach you to live :
 “ I will endeavour to cure you of that romantic
 “ folly that dishonours you. You swear to love
 “ me to your last breath : protestations of this
 “ kind draw tears upon the stage ; but they no
 “ longer pass current in society. I would very
 “ willingly believe that your heart has dictated
 “ your promises ; but may not a revolution hap-
 “ pen in your sentiments, which will convert
 “ your ardour into indifference ? In one fatal mo-
 “ ment these feeble charms that captivate you at
 “ present, may vanish, or lose their hold of your
 “ heart.

“ heart. How should I pity you, if after my
 “ charms were fled, or had lost their power to
 “ please you, an amorous scruple should put you
 “ upon endeavouring to keep your oaths in spite
 “ of yourself. To be reduced to force, or to
 “ feign an affection that one does not feel ! No,
 “ I know not a more terrible punishment. Let
 “ us love one another, I give my consent to it ;
 “ let us love as long as we are pleasing and ami-
 “ able to each other. But let us reserve to our-
 “ selves the right of separating, when that dis-
 “ gust which is inseparable from habit, sheds
 “ upon us its chilling poison.”

DORIGNI was surprised at this singular system of morals ; it did by no means correspond with his notions. But he had the happiness to please at this particular time, which was great felicity to him. *Euphemia*, in an unguarded minute, had suffered the charming declaration of this to escape her.

“ LET us reign” said he, “ in her heart, so
 “ long, at least, as she is pleased to give herself
 “ up to this delightful illusion. Were I only to
 “ enjoy, no longer than even this day, the high
 “ pleasure of being beloved by her ; yet this sin-
 “ gle day would be worth all the rest of my life,
 “ and

"and I should still be the most fortunate of
"men."

AT last he took his leave of *Euphemia*, and went in search of *Courfillac*. The joy that sparkled in his eyes, redoubled the melancholy of that unfortunate lover. *Dorigni*, who did not penetrate into the cause of it, was indiscreet enough to communicate to him the success of his amour. "What, I beseech you, is the source of that chagrin and gloom that I see overwhelm you? Pluck up your spirits, be joyous, and share in the happiness of your friend. You know *Euphemia*? She is the most charming princess in all our fraternity. I love her, and I have the happiness of being beloved by her. It is very true, that the heart of an actress is a possession that no man can promise upon holding long, and without a competitor; she even prevented me upon this head, and gave me warning of it, with an ingenuousness that charmed me. But, however that may be, I must own the conquest irritated all my desires; they are fulfilled, and I require no more. Rouse yourself from your lethargy, imitate me; pay your addresses to some actresses, they are not *Lucretias*. That heaviness that hangs upon you, proceeds from no other cause, but from

" from the void that is in your heart. Your
" heart is without love, and 'tis made to feel it.
" You have, precisely, what one may call the
" need of loving. Nature, in forming us, gave
" us a certain portion of sentiment, which must
" be exercised about some object. Until you
" find some object to be kind to, your heart
" will still be restless; you will always feel as
" if you wanted something, and that languor
" and uneasiness that now oppress you, will
" never terminate. In a word, love is the ali-
" ment of the heart, as meat is of the body;
" to love is to gratify the desires of nature, 'tis
" to supply a need. But, if it be possible, ma-
" nage so, as that love may not go the length
" of a passion with you. Beware of pretend-
" ing to be a *Celadon*, and of piquing yourself
" upon your delicacy and constancy. It is the
" most ridiculous character you can possibly as-
" sume."

COURSILLAC appeared absorbed in a profound reverie. He paid no attention to the discourse of *Dorigni*; he left him, without making the least reply. *Dorigni* did not know what to think of such a change. The more he questioned his friend, the more he seemed to him to be full of distrust. *Coursillac*, foolishly fond of a fickle beauty, sought solitude.

solitude : all his senses were so benumbed, that he was unsusceptible of the sweetest pleasures. He was in a manner annihilated, when the love of glory re-animated him for a few moments.



C H A P. X.

The Fate of Coursillac's Tragedy.—His Departure.

GREAT preparations were now making for playing *Coursillac's Tragedy*. It was already advertised by a play-bill; and the frequenters of the playhouse were flattered with the hopes of enjoying a new play, that had not as yet been acted, even in *Paris*. In proportion as the critical minute approached, hope fluctuated in the breast of our author. He discovered in his piece a thousand defects, which the heat of application, and the veil of self-love, had before concealed from his sight. The players came to request his presence at the representation. They forced him reluctantly along; he looked like a criminal dragged to execution. They shut him up in a box, railed on all sides, where he sat upon the rack of suspense, expecting with inexpressible impatience the sentence that was to determine the fate both of his production and of his talents. *Dorigni*, who played the principal part in the Tragedy, exerted his very utmost efforts to procure it a favourable reception from the public. The audience observed in it great beauties; a happy versification, sublime thoughts, and affecting

fecting situations; but they likewise remarked its imperfections: they animadverted upon its defects with rigorous severity; and the inexorable cabal, that never overlooks errors in favour of beauties, raised such a horrible noise, that the actors were disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, they abandoned the stage. Judge now of the situation of our author. None can conceive it properly, but those who have experienced something similar themselves. He stole off, however, unperceived, and hurrying home, threw himself upon his bed. *Dorigni* hastened after him, and with infinite tenderness attempted to administer consolation; but *Courfillac* repulsed him with so much peevishness and ill-humour, that he was obliged at last to abandon him to his despair. They slept together in the same chamber. *Dorigni* went to bed, and presently dropped asleep. His sleep was even profound, and his dreams were agreeable. The Sun was already in the middle of his course, when he awakened in vast surprise. He called repeatedly upon *Courfillac*; but in vain. He sprung from his bed in great perplexity, and found upon the table a billet, conceived in the following words :

“ *Allike unfortunate as an author, and as a lover;*
 “ *despised by my mistress, and scorned by the public;*
 “ *I go to hide far from you my rage and my confusion.*
 “ *Delight*

*"Delight yourself with your Euphemia, and banish
from your memory a friend, who was your rival,
whom you rendered miserable without knowing it,
and who abhors you in spite of himself. At what
time soever you read this letter, I am already far
from this odious city, which has been the theatre of
my shame. Enquire no further about my fortune;
and above all beware of following me."*

DORIGNI could not read this letter without suffering some tears to escape him. "So then," said he, "I have at last discovered the source of that melancholy which for some days past overcast the usual serenity of his mind. His heart, I perceive, is not beauty proof, any more than my own. He has given way to an injurious passion, for one of those gay, volatile women, who know nothing of love but its caprices. And shall I balance between a mistress of this kind, and a true friend? No surely. I will be more master of myself than he. I will convince him, by ocular evidence, that in a generous heart love cannot triumph over friendship. Let me inform myself of the route that he has taken, and follow his steps. I must by no means abandon him in the cruel situation to which I see he is unhappily reduced."

C H A P. XI.

An unforeseen Adventure.

MEANWHILE *Coursillac* held on his road to *Marseilles*, where he hoped to find a resource in the friendship of some players there, with whom he was acquainted. He imagined himself still pursued with the odious hisses, and the cursed cat-calls of an unpropitious and mutinous audience. Every noise that from time to time assailed his ears, precipitated his steps. His scared imagination conceived it to be the first beginning of an horrible hiss. In a word, the zephyrs, as they rustled among the leaves, the purling of the streams, the murmur of the brooks, and every sound he heard or imagined, brought into his mind the sad story of his disgrace; and the image of the charming *Euphemia*, from whom he could not withhold his thoughts, augmented his despair. He was sometimes tempted to return back, and ravish from his friend a conquest, that was indeed unworthy of them both. At other times he would muster up all his resolution, and endeavour to bring himself to despise her, by calling to his mind the feeble resistance she had made to the efforts of *Dorigni*, who had vanquished

quished her at the very first attack. And again, he would reflect with regret on the loss of a tender and a generous friend; who was only the innocent cause of his sufferings. In a word, his heart was sadly distracted by fluctuating at the mercy of these different passions, which each in its turn seized and held the possession of it.

ALL this while, however, he was still getting forward in journeying, and pursuing his route at a great rate, when he observed a man advancing towards him, accoutred in all points like the old knight errants, and mounted upon a horse that had the same appearance of antiquity with the master. This cavalier had upon his head an helmet of steel; he bore on his arm a buckler, of an enormous size, that covered him all over; he wore a corselet, brassarts, a cuirass; in one word, a complete coat of armour; and was from head to foot, what one might call, an entire man of iron.

“ SIR,” said he to *Courfillac*, “ suffer me to
“ turn you out of your road for a moment, in
“ order to procure you the sight of an entertain-
“ ment, well worthy in all respects of your at-
“ tention. You see,” added he, “ that ancient
“ castle, whose venerable towers are seen to such
“ a height above these large and lofty trees. It
E 2 “ was

“ was built, Sir, by the fairies, in the times that
“ these goddesses governed the world by the
“ laws of magic. Madam the Baroneſs *de Fe-*
“ *ville*, who descends in a direct line from a
“ fairy that reigned in this province in the days
“ of *Dagobert*, is this day to be married to a no-
“ bleman as old as herſelf. She is, I muſt own,
“ rather old, for ſhe is now in her ſixtieth year,
“ and time has paid no reſpect to her charms.
“ But the caſe, Sir, is this: ſhe happened to
“ read in a writing of ſome conjuror, preſerved
“ in the archives of this caſtle, that if ſhe mar-
“ ried this lord, *Hymen* would reſtore to her the
“ charms of her youth. And now every thing
“ is in readineſs for this grand event. It will
“ be preceded by a pompoſe paſtoral, to which
“ Madam the Baroneſs has given me orders to
“ invite all the ſtrangers that are to be found
“ paſſing any way near this caſtle. Permit me,
“ Sir, to conduct you to it; you muſt indeed do
“ us the honour to make one of our number on
“ this extraordinary occaſion.” *Courſillac* hap-
pened inadvertently, in the proceſs of this diſ-
course, to ſuffer an indiſcreet laugh to eſcape
him. It gave the chevalier ground to ſuſpect,
that he was not over credulous in the article of
fairies. “ Sir,” ſaid he to *Courſillac*, “ I can
“ eaſily diſcover from your eyes your incredu-
“ lity; and I can ſee very well that you promise
“ yourſelf

" yourself rather a comical scene, than a real incantment; and so I think I had as good acquaint you with the whole mystery of this matter.

" THIS Baroneſſ, Sir, whom I have the honour to ſerve in the capacity of her gentle-man-usher, is an old foolish lady, whose mind has always been, as it is now, stuffed with the moft romantic chimeras. She pays no regard to any other history than the Tales of the Fairies; and every event that is ascribed to magic, finds with her very eaſy belief. She is a widow; and to enliven her solitary life, and divert the tedium and infirmities of old age, ſhe had engaged a young lady to be her companion, who is a relation of her own, and in whom nature has united all, and even the moft singular accomplishments. This young lady had made an excursion to Paris, where ſhe contracted a very intimate acquaintance with a young Colonel, whose happy physiognomy and fine figure exprefs but faintly the beauties of his ſoul. His name was Clytander. Love entered pretty early into their conveſation. Their kindred ſouls preſently discovered their affinity, and they muṭually pledged their

E 3 "faith

" faith to each other.. *Lucinda*, (that is the
" name of this amiable young lady) left the
" metropolis with regret, and returned to
" shut herself up in this castle, when she might
" have lived much more happily at *Paris*.

" THE Baroneſ very ſoon told her, that ſhe
" thought herſelf under an obligation, to intereſt
" herſelf in her fortune, and to chufe for her an
" huſband. *Lucinda* made her understand that
" her choice was already determined; and ſhe
" painted her lover with the flattering colours
" that love only could have mixed, or made uſe
" of. But the Baroneſ, always full of her ri‐
" culous notions, told her, that fame had preju‐
" diced her muſh in favour of a *Spaniſh* cavalier,
" who had conſecrated his life to the happiness of
" humanity, and the honour of the fair-sex. In
" a word, this idiot, whom ſhe honoured with
" the name of knight errant, was the huſband
" ſhe had fixed upon for *Lucinda*. The Colonel
" being informed of this extraordinary reſolution,
" played off a stratagem which love inspired:
" He assumed to himſelf the name of this cheva‐
" lier, whose glory had dazzling the eyes of the
" Baroneſ. He wrote to her that a ſkilful astro‐
" loger had promised him with the moſt conſident
" auſſurance, the hand of the beautiful *Lucinda*;

" he

“ he therefore requested her that she would not
 “ oppose the happy influence of his stars, but
 “ grant him her consent to marry the object of
 “ his wishes.

“ THE answer was favourable to his desires;
 “ he therefore set out. He dispatched his squire,
 “ armed cap-a-pe, to intimate his coming: at
 “ last he arrived in person, with all the pompous
 “ airs and apparatus of a knight errant. He was
 “ introduced with great form to the Baronesse:
 “ But love, who diverts himself in playing at
 “ cross-purposes with lovers, and in teasing them
 “ with unforeseen and unsuspected disappoint-
 “ ments, inflamed the heart of the Baronesse for
 “ this same chevalier whom she had before des-
 “ tined for the husband of her niece. She was
 “ at no pains to conceal her passion from him;
 “ she informed him of it without ceremony;
 “ and even attempted to win him to her em-
 “ braces, by putting him in mind of the story of
 “ the Fairy *Urgella*, and by giving him ground
 “ to hope for a fortune similar to that of Che-
 “ valier (*a*) *Robert*. She idly imagined, that by
 “ this ridiculous and chimerical promise, she
 “ would

(*a*) M. Voltaire has written the story here referred to, with that vivacity and sprightliness of style which all the world knows he excels in; and M. Favart has composed a very pretty comic opera from it.

" would overcome that aversion which she sus-
" pected the wane of her charms might very possibly
" inspire. The chevalier, disconcerted by this
" incident, did not know what to resolve upon;
" he imparted in confidence his embarrassment to
" *Lucinda*, who partook in his perplexity without
" being able to extricate him. They were still in this
" state of ignorance, uncertainty and irresolution,
" when a man, whose circumstances were despe-
" rate, and who was desirous of retrieving his
" affairs by an advantageous alliance, made it his
" business to find out these nonplus'd lovers, and
" to flatter them with fond hopes. He had fastened
" on a long, scuttious beard; he stooped vastly
" as he walked; his countenance, his cloathing,
" and, in short, every thing about him wore the
" appearance and the striking likeness of old age
" and decrepitude. This singular figure was in-
" troduced to the Colonel and *Lucinda*; discover-
" ed to them his stratagem; and declared his
" design on the Baroness. He had already gained
" over her secretary to his interest; and had pre-
" vailed upon him to insert among the archives
" of the castle a paper, all over scrawled with
" magic characters, in which however the fol-
" lowing words were sufficiently legible.

" *We will not suffer the charms of the Baroness of*
" *Feville to wither by the injurious and destructive*
" *blasts*

" blasts of time, any farther than is proper to punish
 " her for the too blind confidence that she placed in the
 " power of her beauty. If she marries at last the
 " old Count of Orgnac, these two lovers will recover
 " their youth, and the use and capacities of its plea-
 " sures. But beautiful and charming as she will be
 " in the eyes of men, the Baroness shall always appear
 " in her own eyes, and be in her own belief, a wither-
 " ed, wrinkled old woman."

" THIS oracle pleased the Baroness prodigiously; it flattered her self-love very agreeably. She sent immediately into all quarters, in search of the Count of Orgnac. You will easily believe that it was not very difficult to find him. She was positively resolved to marry him. So true it is that in the heart of a woman, vanity prevails even over love itself. And so now the wishes and the vows of the amiable *Lucinda*, and her no less amiable lover, are in a fair way to prosper. The marriages are absolutely to be celebrated together this very day. Come then, Sir, follow me; share in our festivity; and partake in the pleasure of a scene, for certain the most comical you ever yet saw, or ever will see."

CHAR.

C H A P. XII.

False Enchantments.

THIS recital diverted *Courfillac* a good deal from the uneasy, anxious thoughts that preyed upon him. He accompanied this gentleman-usher through long and thick avenues, impenetrable to the rays of the Sun. They arrived at last at the castle, which merits very well a particular description. It was surrounded by a large ditch that was filled with dirty water, which exhaled the most loathsome and unsalutary vapours. The entrance to it was defended by a draw-bridge, which was very regularly drawn every day. The castle was flanked with four ancient turrets, that were falling fast to ruin, and which they durst not venture to repair, for fear of profaning their antiquity. The old walls were every where ornamented with amorous figures, with bucklers, and helmets, and different kinds of armour, of rude and inelegant sculpture, the monuments of the exploits of long-forgotten knight-errants. Maimed statues and balusters, gone out of repair, were the ornaments of the gardens. This singular prospect amused *Courfillac*, and excited his curiosity. He was extremely

tremely desirous of taking a particular view of these antiquities; but the gentleman who introduced him, left him no leisure for this entertainment, but ushered him instantly into an apartment, ornamented with antient tapestry, upon which were represented different kinds of enchantments. *Lucinda* and her lover, and the Count of *Orgnae* were there, and with them the old Baronesse, full of the foolish hopes of becoming young again. A variety of spectators were ranged upon seats around the hall; one was immediately ordered for *Courfillat*, and the company appeared to wait with great impatience for the extraordinary event that was to happen.

THE machinery was all prepared, and in perfect readiness for this strange kind of *opera*. An uncouth and hollow noise was presently heard under their feet, and was considered by the spectators as a plain demonstration, that nature was yielding to the power of enchantment. The company were all in the secret, and affected upon this the most extreme surprize. A whispering and mysterious murmur was raised in the assembly, that flattered the Baronesse vastly. The cieling shook; it opened at last, and through the opening was seen to descend a superb car, in which was seated a fairy, who held in her hand

the

the magic wand, of which fools have time out of mind dreaded the influence. Her fairyship descended; drew upon the floor mystic figures and circles; advanced towards the table, peoured out sundry libations, uttered odd sounds, pronounced three unintelligible words, made a variety of strange grimaces and unnatural distortions, and, in the end, turning herself towards the Count of *Orgnac*, she touched him with her wand; that instant the supposititious beard dropped off, and discovered to the eyes of the beholders, a countenance still adorned with youth. Domestic servants, dressed like hobgoblins, stript off his long and flowing robe, which discovered to the eyes of the company, a youthful person, and added amazingly to the illusion of the transformation. The fairy after this presented him with a superb suit of armour; and in a very grave and solemn tone, spoke to him as follows.

"Behold I restore you to your youth; see that you consecrate it to the happiness of a beauty worthy of you. Receive this suit of enchanted armour, and be sure you never make use of it, but for the honour of the fair sex."

THE Count of *Orgnac* prostrated himself with all humility before her, and kissed the mighty hand

hand that had wrought upon him so great a miracle. The Baroness, very agreeably surprised, at seeing the grey hairs and grisly beard of her future husband drop off, and at observing the graces and the glory of youth displayed advantageously over all his figure, made no sort of doubt, but that the fairy would go on to fulfil the whole horoscope, and was now fully persuaded, that she would restore to her those transitory and faded charms, which the nicest management of paint, and all the art of coquetry were not able to re-animate.

THE fairy presently turned herself towards her with a serene and benign aspect. "I restore to you," said she, "your beauty; but destiny permits me not to impose upon your eyes, as upon those of the men. While they adore in you those charms, from the sight of which they derive their felicity, you yourself shall still imagine, that you are bowed under the weight of years, and even your glass shall not be able to undeceive you. This is the high decree of fate."

As she finished these words, the fairy re-ascented her car, which disappeared in an instant, leaving behind it in the hall, an odour, that was

conceived by the company to be the exhalation of *ambrosia*. The Barones, whose faith never either failed or wavered, made not the least question but that there was a most miraculous metamorphosis wrought upon the whole of her person. The spectators augmented her illusion, by congratulating her upon the astonishing renovation of her youth. From that moment forwards, no person could ever observe in the Barones, the least degree of that timidity, which a constrained modesty inspires into women who have nothing left them, but the regret of having been beautiful. Her airs became more haughty, her tone more peremptory, and her gait more stately. In a word, the only miracle which the pretended fairy had wrought, was to render her abundantly more vain and more supercilious.

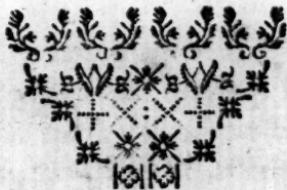
SHE did not put off her marriage long with the Count of *Orgnac*, who reckoned himself very fortunate in possessing an old woman, whose treasures supplied very agreeably the place of her attractions, and made him ample amends for all the constraint and disgust, that he could not help feeling, at being obliged to live with her. *Lucinda* likewise, and her lover the Colonel, by this extraordinary artifice, triumphed over all the obstacles, that fortune had opposed to their union ; for *Lucinda*

Cinda was married to *Clitander*, at the same time that the Baroness was joined in the bands of wedlock to the Count of *Orgnac*. The two marriages were celebrated with very romantic pomp. They exhibited, as well as they could, something in imitation of the ancient tournament; at the conclusion of which the farce ended, and the company took their leave.

COURSILLAC could not be witness of a scene so perfectly comical, without sharing in the pleasure and diversion of the spectators. But very soon his natural melancholy returned upon him, and banished joy from his heart. He begun by condemning himself, for having been prevailed upon to partake in pleasure at such a time and in such a situation; and he finished, with lamenting the blindness and stupidity of those people, who are easily subjected to the yoke of illusion and prejudice. Much he pitied the poor Baroness, whose weakness he should rather have envied; for happiness consists merely in the ideas that we have of it, and he only is the happy person who believes himself to be so.

He left the castle and resumed his route, but presently his vexations begun to assail him. The friend that he had abandoned, the mistress that

he had quitted, perhaps imprudently, and the accursed hisses of the audience at *Lyons*, came fresh into his memory. Overpowered with pain and with confusion, he sat himself down at the foot of a tree, where he gave unlimited scope and indulgence to his melancholy reveries. By this time the last glimpses of twilight reminded men of putting an end to their labours, and invited them to sleep.



C H A P. XIII.

Dorigni rejoins Courfillac.—They arrive at Mar-
seilles.

COURSILLAC, exhausted with the fatigue of travelling, and overpowered still more by the weight of his great load of care and sorrow, could no longer defend himself from that languor which seizes our senses, when the springs of the body are no longer able to minister to the inclinations of the soul. In a word, he fell asleep.

AT a little distance from where he slept, there was a deep and spacious cavern, which a band of robbers had chosen for the place of their retreat. In order to possess their asylum in greater security, they had persuaded the neighbouring peasants, that the devils kept their sabbath every night in this tremendous cave. They found no great difficulty in imposing upon the credulity of the vulgar, and this prejudice alone, being pretty generally established, defended them better than either their arms or their intrepidity. From this secure retreat, they made excursions over all the neighbour-

bourhood, and unfortunate were the travellers that happened to fall among their hands.

Two of these banditti, who had separated from the troop, perceived *Courſillac* fast asleep at the foot of a tree. They concluded from his dress, that he was some neighbouring gentleman, who having wearied himself with walking in the forest, had suffered himself to be overpowered by sleep. They resolved to assassinate him, that they might rob him without resistance. One of them had his dagger already drawn to stab *Courſillac*, when a stranger, who happened very seasonably to be passing that way, rushed upon them sword in hand, and put them to flight.

COURSIALLAC, at the noise, started with surprise from his sleep, and shuddering at the prospect of the danger from which he saw himself so providentially preserved, threw himself, full of gratitude, at the feet of his deliverer. But judge of his surprise, when he perceived that his benefactor was *Dorigni*, the innocent object of his jealousy. "What," said he, "and must I not "be left at liberty to hate you? And must I then "be indebted to my rival for the preservation of "my life? Alas! this fresh obligation is too "much, it embitters and crowns the torments "that were before but barely supportable. Oh, "Sir!

“ Sir ! if your soul retains any remembrance of
 “ an exquisitely tender friendship, too soon and
 “ too abruptly terminated, fly immediately, and
 “ abandon me to my unhappy fate.”

“ My dear *Coursillac*, ” replied *Dorigni*, “ how
 “ can you talk in this strain to me ? Can you
 “ imagine that a transient caprice of love, could
 “ destroy such a friendship as mine ? Have you
 “ so unjust, and so mean an opinion of yourself,
 “ as to think that a frivolous and contemptible
 “ girl could ever be put in competition with you,
 “ in the heart of an honest man, who knows
 “ how to value you properly ? Forget, I beseech
 “ you, this frolic. Restore me to your friendship :
 “ Return to yourself. I know you are now upon
 “ the road to *Marseilles*; I followed you on
 “ purpose, and reckon myself perfectly happy in
 “ having found you again.”

COURSILLAC, covered with confusion, made
 no reply to this speech, but by embraces, which
 melted them both into tears. They set out to-
 gether, and both arrived at *Marseilles*.

IN spite of the ill success that *Coursillac* had at
Lyons, the stage was still his sole resource, and
 besides, the only kind of life that he affected. His
 friend revived his drooping spirits, and encouraged
 him.

him, by telling him, that he had secretly discovered that another player, who had till then been in pay as author of the company, apprehensive of seeing himself supplanted, had formed that cabal, whose tumultuous behaviour had prevented the success of his tragedy. He moreover added, that he had been at particular pains to collect the opinions of the principal people of taste, who all declared to him, that there were happy strokes of genius in the piece,—that the author had only erred in having given too much play to his imagination,—but that notwithstanding all that could be said against the work, it undeniably discovered the bright dawn of masterly parts. He then turned the consideration of his friend upon the infinite diversity of tastes, which might probably render the audience of *Marseilles* more favourable than that of *Lyons*.

COURSILLAC was at last determined once more to hazard his tragedy. They went therefore to wait upon the manager of the play-house. He was a man full of that petulant kind of forwardness, that generally accompanies a mediocrity of genius. He had frequently the presumption to appear himself upon the stage, and had always been hissed off; but his self-love and conceitedness made him ample amends for the contempt of the public. He was thoroughly persuaded,

suaded, that he had nothing to blame for his unfavourable reception, but the depraved taste of the age. He even spoke it plain out, that a general approbation was a certain and unsuspicious evidence of want of genius, or of weakness of parts. Satisfied sufficiently with the single approbation that he bestowed upon himself without measure, he treated his fellow players with an overbearing insolence, that greatly disgusted them. He affected in conversation the stile of tragedy ; he aped, awkwardly enough, the solemn address of an hero ; he walked with a gravity and stateliness truly ridiculous, and always declaimed when he spoke.

COURSILLAC and *Dorigni*, who were entirely unacquainted with his humour, had promised themselves a much more favourable reception than they met with from him. He treated them as a couple of young coxcombs, who had run away from their parents ; but, however, as he happened just then to have occasion for players, he vouchsafed to admit them into his troop.



C H A P. XIV.

A Marriage of two Players celebrated upon the Sea.—The Issue of this nuptial Festivity.

THE players received *Courfillac* and *Dorigni* with that cordiality which they can feign very naturally upon occasions.

ONE of them was just at this very time upon the point of being married to a young actress, who, to the talents peculiar to her profession, added the most singular personal graces and accomplishments. Love only directed this union. Players are strangers to the formalities of marriage. They imagine they can contrive well enough to be happy, without the intervention either of a notary or of a priest. Love signed their contract, and they went together without further ceremony.

“ HYMEN is not always surrounded with
“ flambeaux.” (a)

THE

(a) *Pbedra*, a Tragedy.

THE two lovers had invited their fellow players to an entertainment, where joy and good humour were expected, to give a relish to frugality. They had hired a bark very gallantly ornamented, and it was at sea that their treat was to be given. *Courfillac* and *Dorigni* were invited to be of the party. They met at the harbour, they embarked ; the wind filled their sails, and the river seemed already to fly from them.

THE players compared the young bride to the beautiful *Cleopatra*, when the inhabitants on the banks of the *Cygnus* mistook her for *Venus*, and flocked around her with censers of incense.

THE sky was serene, and the moderate murmur of the waves, seemed to promise the most perfect calm. And now the newly married couple, elevated with some libations they had made to the god of the grape, begun to chaunt hymns in honour of *Venus* and of her son. The orchestre seconded them, and the harmonious voices of almost all their fellow-feasters now mixed in the concert. When, all of a sudden, the winds broke loose from the cave of *Aeolus*, and interrupted the melody with their discordant sounds and boisterous blowings. The sea rose mountains

tains high, and every thing now portended the horrors of shipwreck.

COURSILLAC and Dorigni embraced each other, and consoled themselves for the momentary separation that threatened them, with the fond hopes of being soon re-united, in a world where the passions no more embroil or divide friends.

MEANWHILE the tempest drove them with furious impetuosity upon the coast of Tunis. Already they perceived the summits of the mountains ; and now this cargo of kings and queens were alarmed and dispirited, at the immediate prospect of certain death or of rigorous captivity. In this instant they lost all remembrance of the heroic maxims and sentiments, which they had been accustomed to express and to recommend so pathetically upon the stage ; their hearts failed them ; their spirits grew dejected ; they were universally seized with despondency and tremor. The actresses, however, recovered a little ; they indulged the flattering hopes of a softer slavery, under the rule of some amorous Muffulman. But, in a moment, they were constrained to relinquish these chimerical expectations ; for the pilot, utterly disconcerted and quitting all hopes, abandoned the bark to the fury of the waves. It was struck against the

the rocks and dashed to pieces. *Courfillac* and *Dorigni* only escaped from this shipwreck, by the help of a plank that carried them with the tide into the river.

THE shore was quickly covered with barbarians, who flocked hastily from all quarters, not to succour them, but to enrich themselves with their spoils. They quarrelled with one another about the unfortunate strangers, whom the storm had cast upon their fatal shores. One pretended that he was the first who perceived them, another that he was the first who laid hold of them.

WHILE they disputed the point, *Courfillac* embraced his friend ; they watered each other with their tears. “ Alas ! ” said *Courfillac*, “ when I was so ungenerous and base, as to abandon a friend, of whom I was unworthy ; what evil genius, averse to your happiness, inspired you with the purpose to follow me ? Why would you turn upon yourself, the odious influence of the planet that conducts me ? You ought to have abandoned me to my destiny. I had, with my own hand, truly sketched out my fate, in the billet that I left for you. Alas ! I have not only to suffer the various evils that fortune has in reserve for me ; but I shall have likewise to reproach myself with those that you are

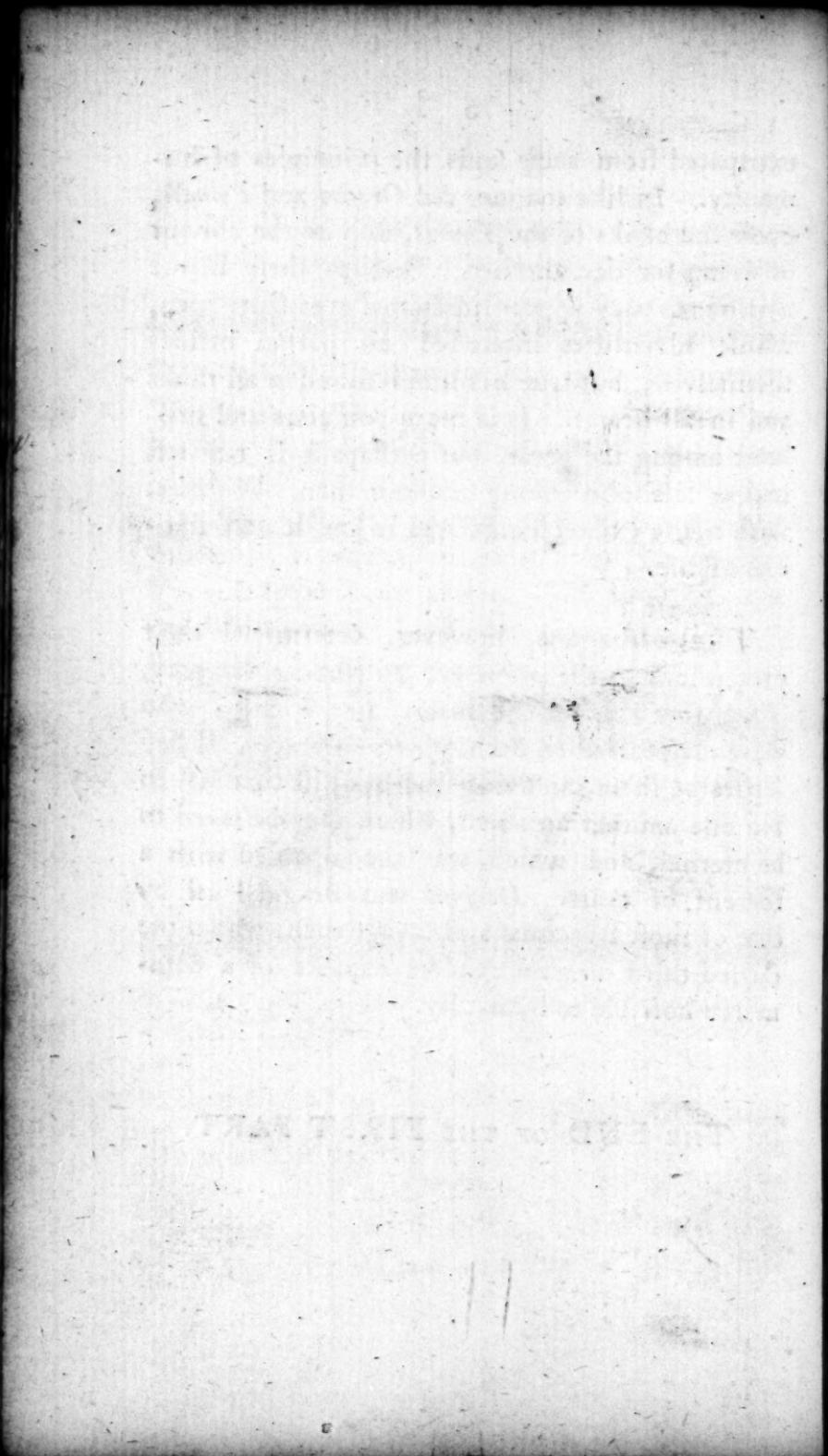
" bout to be overwhelmed with. You cannot
" but be sensible of the painfulness of self-re-
" proach ; it is exquisite torture to a feeling
" heart." " Lay aside," said *Dorigni* to him,
" your obliging concern and friendly lamenta-
" tions upon my account ; I shall not regret my
" captivity, if I can but enjoy it with you ; I shall
" feel as if I were free, if I can only contribute
" to soften the rigours and the severity of your
" slavery. I wish only from my soul, that destiny
" would respect our union. Let fate but only
" not separate us, I abandon every thing else to
" its fury. I know you perfectly, and you must
" certainly think and feel even as I do now."
" Yes, my friend," replied *Courfillac*, " I am
" abundantly sensible, that the pleasure of mixing
" our tears will soften our sorrows, and that a
" misfortune is more supportable, when a friend
" bears part of its weight. But what had you
" to do with my misfortune ? It was not made
" for you. Did not my imprudent and unjustifi-
" able flight absolve you from the obligations of
" your oaths ?"

THUS their friendship interchanged the most generous sentiments ; and a scene so tender and so affecting would have softened the hearts even of the barbarians who beheld it, but that the habit of seeing their fellow-creatures in misery, had extirpated

extirpated from their souls the principles of humanity. In like manner did *Orestes* and *Pylades*, upon the banks of the *Tauris*, dispute the honour of dying for one another. Perhaps these heroic sentiments may appear ridiculous in obscure men, whose adventures interested no person besides themselves ; but true heroism is found in all ranks and in all hearts. It is more pompous and brilliant among the great, but perhaps it is not less real or less solid among common men. We meet with many exalted characters in the lowest stations of life.

THE barbarians, however, determined their pretensions to the property, by parting the prey. They tore asunder the unfortunate friends, who were clasped fast in each other's embraces. They separated them, and they had but just time left to bid one another an adieu, which they believed to be eternal, and which was accompanied with a torrent of tears. *Dorigni* was dragged off by one of those ferocious and savage men, whom the cursed thirst of gain renders capable of a commerce horrible to humanity.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.



THE
WANDERINGS
OF
YOUTH.
PART II.

а н т а
з о н а и с и м
и т у о у
и н т а 9



[68]
T H E

Wanderings of Youth.

P A R T S E C O N D.

C H A P. I.

Courfillac is taken for a Fool.



OURSILLAC was sold to the Bey of Algiers, and placed among the slaves who had the care of his gardens.--- There is nothing frightful or uninviting in this employment. It is dear to a man who is the friend and the lover of nature: it is the philosopher's favourite amusement, and sweetest recreation. No sooner had GOD formed man, than he planted a garden eastward in

Eden,

Eden, and put him into it, to dress it, and to keep it. We are all born to this art; and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. Nevertheless, in the cruel situation to which the unfortunate *Courfillac* was reduced, he was greatly insensible to every kind of pleasure. He had lost the relish of life; the fountain of content, which springs only in the mind, was at present almost dried up within him. He scarce retained sentiment sufficient to know the true nature and extent of his own unhappiness. And when this stupor wore off, and time awakened him again to sensibility; impatience, disgust, and self-reproach imbibited and harassed his soul. He spent his sorrowful days in melancholy reveries, in the gloomiest places of the gardens. He regretted *Dorigni*, and reflected severely upon himself, for having drawn him into misfortunes and ruin. He thought often upon the errors of his youth; and began now to be sensible, that the true cause of his unhappiness at home was not in his father, but in himself;---that his passions were not sufficiently regulated;---and that by seeking felicity by

by changing any thing but his own dispositions, he had only wasted his time in idle ramblings and fruitless efforts; and multiplied the vexations, and increased the unhappiness that he purposed to remove.

AT times the consolations of philosophy diverted his torments, and rendered him tolerably easy. In these intervals he studied the principles of *despotism*, a cruel kind of government, of the laws and rigours of which he had not 'till then the knowledge, or even the conception. These principles appeared to him horrible. "What," said he to himself, "could nature, that in other climates raises up a single man for the happiness of all, could she create the people of this country only to subject them to the caprices of one individual, who cannot even be happy himself, because he is more dreaded than loved. How unnatural and unaccountable is this kind of government! Can one, like a God in power only, but without any resemblance to him either in justice or goodness, have a right to claim from men a blind submission to his will and arbitrary decree. Heavens! into what an abyss am I now fallen! I have not here the honour even to be denominated a citizen. In this country all the citizens are mere slaves.

" Every

" Every one in power is an oppressor, and every
 " one who wants it, is oppressed. I am become
 " the last, the meanest, and the most inglorious
 " of men. Oh, my Father! Oh disconsolate
 " family! I have taken upon myself the trouble
 " and pains of being your avenger."

THE attention that is requisite for speculations of this kind, insensibly diverted the thoughts, and wore off the sense of his misfortunes from his mind. His sorrow became less pungent, and his torments less lively. He was not so often, nor so deeply affected with remorse and self-reproach. He grew familiar with his misery, and habit blunted the sense of it. He even felt at times the approach of better days; and a gleam of hope, springing from the bottom of his heart, discovered to him, though confused and distant, the flattering prospect of liberty. Meanwhile he did not altogether neglect to cultivate his talents for the stage, and for poetry. He dreaded his having occasion for them in some future period of his life; and he wanted by all means to secure to himself this resource. At one time he would employ himself in composing verses, in which he painted his sad and distressful situation in the most glowing colours. The pencil of sorrow
 is

is pathetic. At another time he would recollect the most beautiful and striking parts of the characters in plays that he had studied. A delightful grass terrass, enamelled with flowers, furnished him with a spacious stage, where he was wont to declaim. He had no other spectators but the trees and the statues, and received no other applause, but those which he gave himself.

THE other slaves, who sometimes surprised him in this exercise, took his gestures and his looks for the grimaces of an idiot. The Bey himself heard of him: it was mentioned to him, that among his Christian slaves there was a fool, whose *deliriums* and singular kind of madness might perhaps amuse him. This strange account of him, which the relators gave with considerable embellishments, excited the curiosity of the Bey. He had a mind to see *Courfillac*; and in order to leave him at perfect liberty to abandon himself to the transports of his *delirium*, he concealed himself in an arbour, from whence he could see him distinctly, without being perceived. *Courfillac*, who was preparing to play the part of *Achilles*, entered with an air so fierce, so imperious, and so majestic, that the Bey, not able to contain himself any longer, rushed out of the bower, laughing very heartily.

“ THIS

“ THIS idiot,” said he to one of his officers,
“ has something extremely entertaining and in-
“ teresting in his ravings and extravagancies.
“ I imagine this lunatic’s *delirium* proceeds from
“ his conceiving himself a personage of great
“ importance. He passed the arbour in which
“ I had concealed myself, with an air of gran-
“ deur that diverted me infinitely, and which
“ may be of some use to me. I must own, I
“ should not blush to take some lessons of majesty
“ from this fool; and I should even reckon my-
“ self fortunate, if I could attain to the high
“ perfection which he has arrived at, in the gait
“ and manners of majesty. It is, I must ac-
“ knowledge, a ridiculous affectation, and to the
“ highest pitch absurd in a vile slave; but it
“ might add lustre to the dignity and eclat of
“ my own condition, and have great good ef-
“ fects upon my subjects. See that the poor
“ wretch be properly taken care of. I would
“ chuse that he should want for nothing, and
“ that he should enjoy every pleasure he desires.
“ Do you imagine there would be any danger
“ in indulging my women in the diverting sight
“ of his extravagancies? It might, it must en-
“ tertain them very much; and I do not think
“ that so ridiculous an animal need give me any
“ sort of uneasiness or apprehension. Besides,
“ you

" you know that my heart is perfectly proof
 " against the poison of jealousy, with which our
 " climates are so deeply infected. I never care
 " to let any opportunity escape me, of softening
 " the slavery of my mistresses, by procuring them
 " innocent pleasures. I am very desirous that
 " they should see this buffoon. Order them to
 " be conducted to that apartment which looks
 " into the gardens; they may see him very well
 " through the lattice windows; and their charms
 " will be unperceived and unperceivable to the
 " eyes of the slave. So that if any one of them
 " should happen to be so weak, as to suffer her-
 " self to conceive and entertain a passion for him,
 " the affection would not, it could not be recipro-
 " cal. I am certain there can be no harm in the
 " thing. See my orders be obeyed."



C H A P. II.

The first Formation of an interesting Intrigue.

THAT moment an eunuch was immediately dispatched to the Seraglio, and conducted the women to the apartments to which the Bey had given orders for them to repair. *Coursillac* was still in his theatrical airs and attitudes, and the Bey's ladies enjoyed the cruel and ignoble pleasure which the great and small vulgar are feasted with, upon the sight of lunatics and madmen; who are, above all others, the proper and distinguished objects of pity and compassion to people of consideration and refined sensibility.

COURSILLAC, while he was playing a character in a tragedy, with all the pomp, the pathos, and solemnity peculiarly appropriated to this kind of declamation, little imagined that he was acting a comedy for the entertainment of a Mussulman and all his Seraglio.

WHEN *Coursillac* returned to the place appointed for his habitation, he was informed, that he was at perfect liberty to dispose of his time as he pleased;---that he might freely walk any

any where within the vast compass of the palace;---and that he might even sometimes appear in the presence of his master. He was entirely at a loss to conjecture the cause of a treatment so very mild, and so remarkably indulgent, after the rigour and severities that he had before experienced. " And so," said he to himself, " at least I am left at leisure to abandon myself to my sorrow; and, if possible, to soften and to sooth it, by the charms of solitude. Let me no longer then complain of my hard fortune; the true liberty of man consists in his being free to think as he pleases; when a wise man's faculties are under no restraint, when he can employ and exert them as he thinks proper, he is then at the height of his desires; this is the sole and ultimate object of his ambition. What can I desire more?—

" A Friend," added he: " that is indeed the only thing now wanting to complete my felicity. O my dear *Dorigni!* you perhaps are at this precious moment enslaved to the caprices of some barbarous and remorseless master, who does not even permit you the sad liberty of shedding your tears over your odious irons and misery. But I, how dare I complain? It is an uncommon felicity not to be an absolute slave, in a country where human

“ nature is so dispirited by despotism, and so re-
“ duced by arbitrary power, as even to envy the
“ wild beasts their liberty of ranging at pleasure
“ in the woods. This vast and magnificent pa-
“ lace is my prison, and what can I desire more?
“ This Bey, this mortal God, a glance of whose
“ eye can annihilate us all, does not treat more
“ favourably even beauty itself. The slavery of
“ the ladies, whom he keeps here shut up, and
“ close imprisoned, is still more rigorous than
“ mine. The Seraglio, in spite of all its mag-
“ nificence, is but a sad abode of sorrow, around
“ which jealous fury keeps an incessant watch,
“ and to which liberty, the mother of pleasures,
“ dares not approach. O Heaven! and can it
“ be that our sex should so far abuse its su-
“ periority of strength, as to doom to eternal
“ captivity the soothers of our sorrows, and the
“ sweetners of our lives. Can God have created
“ the fair, the amiable and weaker sex, to be, as
“ they are made here, less the instruments of
“ men’s pleasures, than the objects of their op-
“ pression. In these odious climates, the miser-
“ able habitations of darkness and cruelty, the
“ fairer, the greater, and the better half of the
“ human species are the absolute property of the
“ other, who stretch their superiority to perfect
“ rigour

" rigour and tyranny. The men, to be sure,
 " indulge their voluptuousness, by confining as
 " many women as their fancies can wish, or
 " their fortunes maintain. But thus they fill
 " their houses with envy, with jarring, and with
 " distraction. Jealousy lies like a canker at the
 " root of their domestic society, destroying
 " friendship, confidence, social intercourse, and
 " the mutual care of parents over their children.
 " Severity may constrain the obedience of their
 " women, and watchful jealousy prevent their
 " infidelity. But their obedience must still be
 " without love, and their fidelity without
 " virtue."

NEXT morning *Courfillac* issued forth at the first dawn of day, impatient to enjoy his enlargement. He returned to the gardens of the Bey, to contemplate and admire nature, which appeared to his eyes at this time with ten thousand unobserved and additional beauties. It seemed to him to receive from the light of this day, a kind of new and fairer creation. The beauteous majesty with which *Aurora* intimated to the world the approaching return of its great benefactor, warmed *Courfillac's* imagination, and transported him into poetical raptures.

He was freely indulging the enthusiasm which the engaging prospect now before him, and the favourable alteration in his state, were so well calculated to inspire, when he heard himself called upon in a sweet and agreeable voice, which at once delighted his ear, and affected his heart. He looked behind him, before, and on every side; he still heard one calling to him, but could observe no person. He advanced towards a labyrinth of linden trees, from whence the voice appeared to him to proceed. After a great many windings and turnings, he came at last to an arbour, where a lady, whose figure had that attractive smartness and irresistible expression which are often wanting in regular and finished beauties, waited for him, lying negligently upon a bed of flowers. "Beautiful slave," said she to him in French, "I have ventured to take upon me the charge of a very dangerous commission. I hazard my life to bring about your felicity.----" "You are not ignorant that a French lady is at present the ruling favourite of the changeable lord and sovereign of these domains. She has seen you, and your features are not, she says, unknown to her: in a word, your being a Frenchman is sufficient to interest her in your destiny.

“ destiny. If you answer her expectations of
 “ you, you will be the happiest slave in all this
 “ palace. Beware of spurning at, or trifling
 “ with your felicity : let me be sure of finding
 “ you in the evening in this same place, and
 “ under the veil of night I will introduce you
 “ into her apartment.”

THE lady quitted him with these words ;
 walked off some paces ; looked back ; viewed
 him with tender attention ; fetched a deep sigh ;
 and through a private concealed door re-entered
 the Seraglio.

COURSILLAC did not know what to think
 of the intelligence he had received, and of the
 very dangerous proposal that was made to him.
 “ Can I,” said he, “ have had the misfortune
 “ to have made too lively an impression upon the
 “ heart of the favourite ? It would be a very
 “ perilous conquest. But I am not vain enough
 “ to believe it. Besides, I feel but too well, that
 “ I could not dispose of my heart : it is no
 “ longer my own : she has effectually robbed me
 “ of it, by sending this very amiable messenger.
 “ Ah ! if she had felt any desire, or formed any
 “ design of inspiring me with love, should she
 “ have employed so lovely and so dangerous a
 mediator ?

" mediator? How full of fire were her eyes!
 " Sweet as a syren's was her voice! Heav'n was
 " in her smiles! Grace in her steps, in all her
 " motions dignity and love! No: I pretend
 " not to the heart of the favourite. Far be it
 " from me to excite the slightest jealousy in the
 " breast of the Bey. Peace to the workings of
 " such ungrateful and hazardous ambition. The
 " utmost of my wishes, and the highest of my
 " desires, is only to inspire the charming messen-
 " ger of his mistress, with the love that I have
 " catched from her eyes. Ah! with the greatest
 " alacrity will I, in order to see her, expose
 " myself to all the dangers of this adventure.
 " I shall certainly keep her appointment, and be
 " most punctual to the time and place of assig-
 " nation. Perhaps she may think that it is the
 " hopes of meeting with her mistress, that con-
 " ducts me to the rendezvous. May Love
 " prevent such injurious suspicions, and dis-
 " cover to her the true state of my heart, and the
 " real motives of my conduct."

HE passed the long day in an agitation very
 difficult to describe. The light was most pain-
 ful to his eyes. Much and earnestly did he wish
 for the darkness to cover him. Darkness is the
 delight of love.

THE

THE Sun seemed to stand still to his impatient desires; they doubled the weary moments, and tripled them when the evening approached. At the last, *Venus*, long-looked for, appeared, leading on in her train the laughing hours of love.



CHAP.

C H A P. III.

The Recognition.

IF *Courfillac* had not known the established and unalterable laws of nature, he would certainly have believed, that the sun this day had stopped short in the middle of his course, so tedious were the hours, and so rapid were his desires. He wandered backward and forward in the labyrinth, and the people who observed him, concluded that his disorderly and irregular gait was only the effect of his *delirium*. At last the appointed time came, but judge what was his surprise and consternation, when, instead of the amiable person who had spoke to him in the morning, he saw himself accosted by an old, ugly duenna. He scarce knew what to think, or what to determine upon ; he was just upon the point of returning instantly back, when the old woman laid fast hold of his hand. “ Come,” said she, “ my “ mistress waits for you, the moments of your “ happiness will be short, let us lose none of “ them. Follow me.”

SHE

SHE conducted him through a secret and obscure alley, into a magnificent and well-lighted apartment. There she left him by himself, and retired without uttering a single syllable. *Courfillac* continued here for some time alone, and uncertain of what was to happen to him. He was utterly at a loss what to think of the adventure. He trembled all over with dreadful apprehension, lest the Bey should have intended this to try his virtue, and laid this snare in order to entrap him. Heavens! what would have been his fate, had the event justified his dreadful conjecture.

HE remained in this painful uncertainty, when he observed a private door open upon him, which was cut out of the wainscot with such nicety and art, that it was impossible to perceive it or the least appearance of it. But inexpressible and inconceivable was his surprise, when, presently after, he saw enter to him, in the *Turkish* dress, his sister; that same sister whom he had long believed dead.

HE durst not almost credit the testimony of his own eyes for some time. Had his mind been weak, or easy of belief, he would certainly have taken what he now saw for an apparition.

“ What,”

“ What,” said he, “ is it you ?” catching her hastily in his arms. “ Yes,” replied she, “ it is your sister *Agatha*; it is I, who contrived to circulate the story of my own death; it is I, whom Heaven has severely punished for an indiscreet elopement, whom the partial and blind love of the Bey has raised to the rank of his chief favourite; and who blush with sorrow and indignation to see my brother a slave. Alas ! *Courfillac*, the hateful chains you now wear, with such vexation and impatience, are not near so opprobrious, or so tormenting, as the odious dignities that are heaped upon your sister.”

“ By what strange adventure,” said *Courfillac*, “ were you brought into this seraglio ? How came you into this inglorious captivity ? Remove my surprise, at least satisfy my curiosity, by relating to me the story of your ill fortune.”

“ I will not suffer you,” said she, “ to remain in ignorance of the various scenes of my life since I left you ; but the time will not permit me to enter into a very minute detail of circumstances. I have not at present leisure for this, nor are we in a place of security.

"curity. If the Bey should surprise us toge-
 "ther—Ah ! Heavens, let me not entertain
 "a thought that fills me with trembling and hor-
 "ror."



C H A P. IV.

The Adventures of Agatha.

“ Y O U know with what severity my father
 “ controuled my inclinations, and altho'
 “ prudential considerations did not permit me to
 “ discover my aversion to the ridiculous person
 “ that he fixed upon for my husband, doubtless
 “ you never could have imagined that I would
 “ ever consent to such an union.

“ T H E importunities of my foolish lover,
 “ joined to the rigours of my father, forced me
 “ at last upon contriving the stratagem, which I
 “ put in practice in order to shake off the yoke
 “ of paternal authority. Perhaps love too, had
 “ as much share as hatred, in determining my
 “ clandestine flight.

“ Y ou have seen a young Portuguese gentle-
 “ man, whose name was *Alphonso*, whom some fa-
 “ mily concerns brought into our country. You,
 “ no doubt, remember his features and his figure,
 “ and will easily admit, that a woman of sensi-
 “ bility could not view him with an eye of indif-
 ference.

“ ference. Love pierced both our hearts with
 “ one arrow, and the first moment that our eyes
 “ met, the affectionate sentiments of our hearts
 “ appeared painted in them, in the most lively
 “ and eloquent manner. He was not long at a
 “ loss for an opportunity of declaring his passion
 “ to me ; but timidity sealed up his lips. There
 “ is something extremely inconsistent and whim-
 “ sical in you men, when you are in love. You
 “ are bold and forward, even to indiscretion and
 “ rashness, when at a distance from the objects of
 “ your affection, and yet ye approach them with
 “ confusion, with awkward bashfulness and trem-
 “ bling. A great man (*a*) has taken occasion
 “ from this to observe very properly, that the
 “ natural courtesies, the obliging attentions, and
 “ physical effects of love, its effects upon the
 “ voice, the eyes, &c. should be considered as
 “ more certain and unsuspicious evidences of a
 “ genuine passion, than the most tender and pas-
 “ sionate verbal declarations. *Alphonso* and I
 “ were often alone together. There was no third
 “ person to prevent our inwardness, nor any dan-
 “ ger of an officious unseasonable intruder upon
 “ us, to be the unwelcome witness of the mutu-
 “ ally wished-for declarations of our sentiments

" to each other ; and yet many such favourable
 " interviews passed between us in mournful si-
 " lence. The timidity and bashfulness of Alphonso
 " added new charms to him in my eyes. He
 " got, however, so far the better of them, in time,
 " as to be able to falter out the word *love* ; his
 " sighs compleated his declaration, mine presently
 " betrayed the correspondent sentiments of my
 " heart, and he soon became certain of what he
 " wished above all things to know assuredly.

" FROM this time forward we lived in a per-
 " fect good understanding, we had our private
 " assignations, and our regular interviews. Love
 " watched over us ; he covered us with his wings,
 " and concealed all our negotiations from the
 " eyes of my father.

" ALPHONSO was seized with a fit of despera-
 " tion not to be described, when I informed him
 " of the ridiculous and contemptible creature
 " that my father fixed upon for my husband. He
 " was filled with indignation at the thoughts of
 " such a rival. " Very well," said he, as he
 " grew somewhat calm, " and does your inclina-
 " tion agree with the determination of your fa-
 " ther ? Will you be so weak, as to submit to
 " an union with such a wretch, and reduce me
 " to

“ to utter misery ?” “ No,” replied I, “ the oaths we have interchanged are sacred to me, and although a cruel prejudice lies against women who dispose of themselves in marriage without the consent of their parents, I swear to you that you shall be my husband.” The firmness and assurance with which I pronounced these words, made *Alphonso* pass suddenly from the most profound melancholy to the most perfect joy.

“ MEANWHILE the fatal day fast approached, and the odious preparations were already making for the cruel festival, that must have opened for ever the source of my tears. *Alphonso* proposed to me an elopement ; I rejected at first the proposal, and I can venture to assure you, that in the beginning my opposition to this scheme was perfectly hearty and sincere. But at the last his prayers, his tears, and the instant approach of a shocking and an unavoidable prostitution, overcame all my resistance. To me distraction itself was in the prospect of this prostitution, for I could never consider such an unnatural union in any other light.

“ I must not, however, pretend, I fear, to justify my weakness in the eyes of the world.

" Conscious of my virtue, and contented with
 " this consciousness, I seek no other approbation
 " but that of my own heart. Nevertheless, I
 " am far from contending for a dangerous indif-
 " ference about the approbation of the public.
 " I knew perfectly, that the contempt of reputa-
 " tion was the first step towards the contempt of
 " virtue; and that though honour be the work of
 " men, and greatly an ideal thing, yet there is
 " nothing more real than the evils which spring
 " from disregarding it. I had a scrupulous re-
 " gard to my reputation, even when I determined
 " upon a disreputable elopement. I consulted
 " my honour, by giving rise and currency to the
 " belief that I was drowned by accident in the
 " river. By this means I suppressed all reports
 " and rumours that might have been injurious to
 " our family, and neither my father nor you have
 " any thing to reproach me with upon this step.

" OUR measures were all concerted very snug-
 " ly. I slipped out in the evening as usual; I
 " walked for some considerable time openly upon
 " the banks of the river. I stole, unobserved,
 " into a thick and shady walk of trees, dark-
 " ened still more by the decline of day, and step-
 " ped unseen into a post-chaise prepared for our
 " flight.

" ALPHONSO.

“ ALPHONSO played his part likewise to admiration. He took my mantle, and threw it into the river ; he called with the utmost hurry and vociferation upon the fishers, and informed them, with the greatest apparent concern imaginable, that he had seen a lady fall into the river. The honest-hearted people hazarded their own lives, with a view to save mine ; I shudder even now at the thoughts of the dangers to which they exposed themselves ; but all their efforts were to no purpose. You know what followed.

“ I MUST own, that in the instant of my departure, I felt, very sensibly, that remorse and those painful reflections upon the step I was taking, which my passion had before, in a great measure, diverted or overpowered ; but it was no longer time to listen to them. Besides, the sight of a tender lover, whom I had now made the arbiter of my fate, laid them all at rest. He never, in the smallest degree or punctilio, forgot that respect, which had always bridled the transports of his passion.”

JUST at this moment the sister of Courfillac heard the door of a neighbouring apartment open :

she

she hurried out of the room in a fright, leaving her brother in a perfect panic, and much more terrified than she was herself.



CHAP.

C H A P. V.

The Continuation of Agatha's Adventures.

"DON'T be uneasy," said *Agatha*, as she re-entered the apartment, "one of my women has been the occasion of this noise, which so greatly alarmed us. All is quiet at present in the palace, and I am pleased to find that we have a good deal more time to enjoy together than I flattered myself with at first. The Bey has just shut himself up, and is set in for a debauch, with some of his favourite jolly companions. They are a company of philosophical *Mussulmen*, who make no kind of scruple about drinking wine. I approve of their practice in this particular; but they protract their clandestine repasts until midnight, and leave one another in a condition that sober reason is ashamed of; and in this I think them exceedingly to blame."

SHE seated herself as she said this, and then resumed, as follows, the thread of her story.

"ALPHONSO

“ ALPHONSO was born in a little town some
 “ miles from *Lisbon*, and one of his sisters had
 “ fixed her habitation in that metropolis, where
 “ she passed her happy days with a husband,
 “ who made it the chief study of his life to
 “ supply all her desires. Her house furnished
 “ me with an *asylum*. *Alphonso* left us for
 “ some days, and went to revisit his relations,
 “ and to settle some family affairs, before our
 “ marriage should be celebrated.

“ I FOUND in his sister a sincere and affection-
 “ ate friend, who divided all her attention be-
 “ tween her husband and me. The very happy
 “ union of this couple presented me with a most
 “ enchanting pattern of conjugal life. They
 “ seemed to have but one soul between them, and
 “ the one was never indifferent about the plea-
 “ sures or pains of the other. This happiness is
 “ so singular and rare in the married state, that
 “ a person has but little room to expect it. I did,
 “ however, promise myself, with *Alphonso*, such
 “ an happy union as I daily beheld with pleasure
 “ in this family; where my agreeable situation
 “ insensibly wore off from my mind the painful
 “ thoughts of my father and you, whom I had
 “ left desolate and made distressed, and that cut-
 “ ting

" ting remorse that I felt at having ventured upon
 " an elopement which every body must con-
 " demn. I was building castles in the air, and
 " exulting in the romantic meditations of my fu-
 " ture felicity, when every kind of horrible mis-
 " fortune assailed at once this great metropolis.

" You have heard, without doubt, a very cir-
 " cumstantial account of that terrible earthquake,
 " that reduced to a frightful desert one of the fi-
 " nest cities in the world. I was a witness to this
 " tremendous catastrophe; but in vain should I
 " attempt to give you an exact relation of it. All
 " the elements seemed to have combined together
 " to demolish and annihilate this devoted capital.
 " My amiable hosts were buried in the ruins of
 " their house, and I am ignorant how it happened
 " that I did not share the same fate.

" A LADY who, upon my first coming to *Lis-
 bon*, had conceived a tender friendship for me,
 " had escaped the almost general wreck of the
 " place. She furnished me with a place of shel-
 " ter, under a tent that she had got erected near
 " the poor smouldering remains of the unfortunate
 " city.

" ALPHONSO

“ ALPHONSO flew to the place where Lisbon
“ was, the moment it was accessible, and sought
“ for me in vain through the wrecks of the city.
“ He wandered in distress from quarter to quar-
“ ter, and examined with a painful particularity
“ every scene of horror and ruin. Over all he
“ made the strictest enquiries about my fate;
“ but he could no where receive the least in-
“ formation favourable to his desires: he left the
“ dreadful scene of calamity and desolation, en-
“ tirely ignorant of what had become of me. I
“ sent a servant, in whom I could perfectly con-
“ fide, to tell him that I was not included in the
“ number of the dead or the miserable; and that
“ love had preserved a life that was destined
“ entirely to the study of his happiness. But this
“ faithful domestic returned after two days un-
“ successful enquiries, and filled me with painful
“ apprehensions about the life of my lover.
“ Alas! said I, Heaven has not respected his in-
“ nocent life, and has only prolonged my days to
“ fill them up with cruel bitterness and sor-
“ row. So then I shall be constrained to sur-
“ vive the dearer half of myself, and my life
“ henceforward will only be a painful and a lin-
“ gering death.

“ SOME

" SOME people who were witnesses to my
 " grief, and no strangers to the cause of it, ima-
 " gined that they would dry up the source of my
 " tears, by filling me with suspicions of *Alphon-*
 " *so's* fidelity. An ill-judged pity for me, per-
 " haps a secret hatred to my lover, put them up-
 " on giving me the most injurious accounts of
 " his conduct. One told me, that the true mo-
 " tive of his departure from *Lisbon*, was the de-
 " sire of revisiting a young lady of quality, who
 " was the first object of his affections. Another
 " added, that it was no longer a mystery, that
 " every thing was settled between them, and that
 " great preparations were now making for their
 " marriage. They even had the assurance and
 " the cruelty to insinuate to me, that *Alfonso*
 " had brought me into *Portugal* for no other rea-
 " son, and with no other view, than only to con-
 " sole himself with me, for the disgusts that are
 " inseparable from matrimony.

" AT first I rejected these reports with horror ;
 " but such relations being continually buzzed in
 " my ears, began at last to have a most cruel and
 " unhappy effect upon me, and to beget in my
 " breast very hard and unfavourable thoughts of
 " the intentions and heart of my lover. I doubt-

“ ed very greatly his fidelity. Alas ! Heaven
 “ punished me severely for the injustice of my
 “ unfriendly suspicions.

“ THE unfortunate Don *Alphonso* concluded
 “ that I was buried in the wreck of his country ;
 “ and having, after that, no longer any thing to
 “ attach him to *Europe*, he had determined to
 “ quit a miserable scene of havock and devasta-
 “ tion, where every thing revived and kept alive
 “ the exquisitely distressful thoughts of a person
 “ whom he adored.

“ HE had very rich relations in the *East Indies*,
 “ and as he had received many and pressing invi-
 “ tations to visit them, and flattered himself with
 “ finding great consolation and relief from their
 “ friendship, he had determined upon a voyage
 “ to *Bengal*. He imagined that he could not be
 “ so wretched in any country as in his own, and
 “ that a change of place would be of signal ser-
 “ vice. It is common to people in pain, to fancy
 “ they could bear it better in any other part :
 “ *Alphonso* had more reason than most people in
 “ misery, to entertain this opinion.

“ HE was already embarked, when I was, by
 “ accident, informed of his purpose. I neglected
 “ not

" not a moment to satisfy myself about the truth
 " of this information. I soon learned, with
 " certainty, that he was alive, and that what I
 " had heard of his design was true; but after
 " the strictest search, and the utmost pains of
 " enquiry that I could make, I could not learn
 " which of all the numberless vessels in the har-
 " bour, was to carry into another world the trea-
 " sure to which I had attached the happiness of
 " my life.

" I TOOK the resolution of embarking in the
 " first that presented itself, provided it was bound
 " for the *East Indies*. But, in order to secure
 " myself from the insolence of the sailors, a bru-
 " tal race, whose manners favour of the rough-
 " ness of their profession, I disguised myself in
 " the dress of a man; and, as I could affect very
 " tolerably the airs and manners of your sex, I
 " issued from my *asylum*, without being known
 " by those very people, with whom I had lived
 " for many days. A *French* captain received me
 " on board his ship, with that politeness that is
 " natural to our countrymen. The anchor was
 " drawn up, the wind filled our sails, and we
 " launched into the wide ocean.

" I DESCENDED into the large cabin, where
 " most of the passengers were got together.
 " Some of them deplored the direful disaster of
 " *Lisbon*, and still turned their eyes, bathed in
 " tears, towards the ruins of the superb metro-
 " polis of *Portugal*, the too famous theatre of
 " one of the most tremendous convulsions of na-
 " ture. Others of the company, whom this e-
 " vent did no way interest, amused themselves
 " with various conversation, and with relating
 " their adventures to one another.

" IN the darkest and most retired place of the
 " cabin, I at length perceived *Alphonso*, plunged
 " in deep melancholy. His eyes had quite lost
 " their brilliancy, and that lustre with which they
 " were wont to shine, when fixed upon me. He
 " sometimes threw them up towards Heaven, but
 " they were generally fastened down immove-
 " able on the surface of the ocean. I could ea-
 " sily perceive that he did great violence to him-
 " self, in retaining his sighs. He seemed to
 " wish much to hide his sorrow in the bottom of
 " his soul. Great griefs have no noisy symp-
 " toms. On a sudden he rose from where he
 " sat ; to me his perplexity and inward emotion
 " was extremely discernible ; his eyes sparkled ;
 " he

“ he made as if he would have spoken, but fighs
 “ interrupted his speech. He seemed, however,
 “ to decline and to escape the observation of the
 “ company, but to me he appeared to meditate
 “ some desperate step. I shuddered at the thoughts
 “ of what he purposed in his heart. He got up
 “ unobserved to the deck, I followed him; the
 “ confusion he seemed to be now in, did not per-
 “ mit him to perceive me.

“ WHEN he had stood some minutes mo-
 “ tionless by the side of the ship, “ O thou,”
 “ said he, “ whom my imprudent passion snatch-
 “ ed from the bosom of thy family to dig thy
 “ grave under the ruins of my country; unfor-
 “ tunate Lady, worthy of a happier fate, I was
 “ the author of thy indiscretion, and I am now
 “ going to be thy avenger.”

“ At these words he attempted to throw him-
 “ self headlong into the ocean, when I laid fast
 “ hold on his cloaths and stopped him. “ O,
 “ Heavens !” said I, “ What are you going to
 “ do ?” “ Let me alone,” replied he, “ if you
 “ did but know the true cause of my despair, far
 “ from hindering, you would prompt me to put
 “ an end to a life full of bitterness and horror.

“ AH !” said I to him, “ we often swell and
 “ aggravate our own misfortunes most unrea-
 “ sonably. Be so obliging as to discover to me
 “ the true cause of your despair ; if it be just
 “ and well-founded, I will by no means oppose
 “ it.”

“ Your kind interposition and concern ” said he,
 “ calls for and deserves my confidence. Know
 “ then, Sir, that love is the author of my misery.
 “ An unfortunate lady abandoned, upon my ac-
 “ count, her family and her country ; I con-
 “ ducted her to *Lisbon*, and this city, which
 “ gave birth to the lover, is become the tomb of
 “ his love. I consider myself as the author of
 “ her untimely death. I have robbed nature of
 “ her most beautiful and finished master-piece,
 “ and the death to which I have devoted myself,
 “ is too slight a chastisement for so capital a
 “ crime. Suffer me now, Sir, to pay this tribute
 “ to justice.”

“ I interrupted him at these words. You
 “ have ” said I, counterfeiting my voice, “ a ro-
 “ mantic imagination, which is the sole source of
 “ the miseries that now overpower you. You
 “ fancy that your mistress was the most beautiful,

“ the

“ the principal, almost the only ornament of na-
 “ ture, and your imagination only imposes upon
 “ you. You do yourself very great injustice,
 “ when you reproach yourself as having been
 “ guilty of a crime by bringing this lady to
 “ *Lisbon*; it was not you, surely, that destroy-
 “ ed the place of your nativity by the earth-
 “ quake?” I added with vivacity, in my natu-
 “ ral voice, “ *Alphonso* look at me more atten-
 “ tively; do you not know that same *Agatha*
 “ whose death you have deplored? and who has
 “ come very seasonably into this ship, to pre-
 “ vent your doing violence to yourself.”

“ *ALPHONSO* gazed at me for some time as if
 “ insensible of his situation, and appeared like a
 “ man just awakened from a profound sleep. I
 “ waited not till he could recover himself so
 “ much as to be able to speak to me; but, beck-
 “ oning him to follow, I descended immediately
 “ into the cabin, and mixed with the other pas-
 “ sengers, who, very luckily for us, had not per-
 “ ceived, or did not attend to, any part of this
 “ scene.

“ He seemed, upon his coming down to us,
 “ as if he had been born again; the sight of me,
 “ and what had passed between us the few mi-
 “ nutes

" nutes we were together, had called his soul
" from that state of stupidity and annihilation to
" which it was, but a little before, reduced:



C H A P. VI.

The Sequel of the preceding.

“ IN a little time a confused noise was heard
 “ among the sailors, and the captain stepping
 “ up, to enquire into the cause of it, returned
 “ soon after with the alarming information, that
 “ a corsair of Tunis, whose force was greatly su-
 “ perior to his, was ready prepared to engage th-
 “ ship. Alphonso started up immediately, armed
 “ himself, and in spite of all I could say or do
 “ to prevent him, he jumped upon deck, and
 “ took his station among the mariners.

“ THE moment the firing began, I trembled
 “ all over for his life. I lost the use of my sensess;
 “ and I remained helpless and unassisted in a
 “ vessel, which the attack of an inexorable
 “ enemy had filled with the utmost horror and
 “ confusion. The first thing that recovered me
 “ from my lethargy was the sight of the unfor-
 “ tunate Alphonso, whose indiscreet valour had
 “ hurried

" hurried him into the desperate engagement.
 " He was pierced with a mortal wound; his
 " eyes were upon the point of closing for ever.
 " He made one last effort to open and animate
 " them; and directing his dying look toward
 " me, " O my dear *Agatha*," said he, in a feeble
 " and faltering voice, " I expire, and must leave
 " you in the power of barbarians. What will
 " become of you? I shudder---Ah!---remem-
 " ber at least sometimes, that the unfortunate
 " *Alphonso* died before your eyes, in the defence
 " of your liberty."

" AFTER uttering these few words, he ex-
 " pired. I swooned away upon his breathless
 " body; and it was concluded, that the same
 " wound which put an end to his days, had ter-
 " minated mine also.—Meanwhile our ship
 " struck, and the barbarians boarded her. A
 " French apostate, who had been witness to what
 " had passed between me and *Alphonso*, suspected
 " my disguise, and communicated his conjectures
 " to the captain of the corsair.

" I WAS astonished, upon recovering from my
 " swoon, to see myself dressed in the gayest attire
 " of a lady, and set off with all the ornaments
 " that my sex employ in these voluptuous cli-
 " mates,

“ mates, to allure and to seduce the men. I was
 “ conducted to the Bey’s Seraglio. I had the
 “ misfortune to please him; and his passion
 “ raised me to the rank in which you now be-
 “ hold me. You may easily judge, that the
 “ golden chains I wear here, are an odious
 “ burthen to me. I sigh passionately to be deli-
 “ vered from this inglorious captivity, and to re-
 “ visit my native country.”

“ THE Bey exhibited you for the entertain-
 “ ment of his Seraglio: I instantly knew you;
 “ and at that moment I hoped and believed that
 “ I saw in you my deliverer. Do not, I be-
 “ seech you, disappoint my expectations: rescue
 “ me, I intreat you, from this house of bondage.
 “ Think with yourself of the measures most
 “ proper to secure the success of our enterprize:
 “ I will second you with all my address. I en-
 “ tirely repose myself upon your courage.”

COURSILLAC promised to hazard every thing to effect her deliverance. He made her acquainted with his passion for the amiable mes-
 senger she had sent to him; and begged earnestly she would use all her interest and address to prepare her for a favourable reception of the declaration that he was determined to make on
 the

the very first opportunity. They parted with the promise of seeing one another at the same hour the next evening.



C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

The Story of Amelia.

AGATHA returned to the seraglio, and while the Bey was getting drunk with that liquor which the prudent *Mahomet* hath prohibited the use of among the faithful mussulmen, she passed the night with *Amelia*, that same confidant whose friendly assistance she had made use of to bring about the agreeable interview she had just now had with her brother.

AMELIA was not an extraordinary, nor an accomplished beauty: she was however a fine and an elegant figure. She had an engaging air, and an interesting manner in every thing: her most indifferent actions were accompanied with inexpressible grace. She had a most musical ear and voice, and danced and sung to admiration, even in a country where these accomplishments are cultivated in a variety of ways, and to a degree of perfection unknown and unnecessary in *Europe*, where, for the blessing of both sexes, there are neither seraglios nor harans. But these and such like accomplishments are considered and

L

cultivated as the cardinal virtues of women, in countries where they live in great inferiority, and entire subjection to the men; and where they gain and maintain the greatest influence over them by their personal recommendations, and the various shewy arts of coquetry and lasciviousness. *Amelia* was not however a native of those jealous climes, so unfavourable to females: she was originally of French extraction; and in that gay country where all women are angels, and fine women goddesses, she had passed her earlier and her happier days. A fortune nearly similar to that of *Agatha* had enticed her from under the wings of her parents, where she had a kindly shelter from all the bad weather of life, into the arms of a soldier of fortune, of no high rank in the army, but reputed an excellent officer; fit alike for council or execution, and distinguished by an advantageous person, a ready wit, great address, and good humour. The acquaintance he had made, and the company he kept were generally his superiors in point of fortune; so that his finances were hardly equal to the expence of the gay and pleasurable life which he led. In a word, he was only rich in merit. The parents and the friends of *Amelia* saw many defects and faults in him; but *Amelia* herself, with her eyes of love, saw neither. Nor could she be, by any means,

means, either persuaded or over-awed to reject his addresses ; and at last, in consequence of her lover's earnest importunity, she sacrificed the favour of her parents, her friends, and her fortune, to her love.

IN the state in which she left her father's house, she could justly say with the philosopher, that she carried her all along with her. Perhaps too the cargo was more valuable than any the philosopher could boast of. M. *Debordieu*, for that was the name of this amiable officer, gave her no reason to repent of her temerity and indiscretion. She found in him a father, a friend, and an affectionate husband. A fortune indeed (as her father was inexorable) they had not between them sufficient to enable them to live in that elegant ease and luxury to which they had both been accustomed. However, by contracting their acquaintance, by retrenching their expences, by diminishing their wants, and managing their little income with wise œconomy, they had in abundance the necessaries, and even the decent comforts of life.

M. *DEBORDIEU* had great expectations from an elder and an only brother at *Pondicherry*, who had amassed great riches by trade, and long soli-

cited him to engage in the service of the *East-India* company, in which he had himself very considerable property and influence. The company was at this time embroiled with the *English*, and supported *Sundah Saheb*, the Nabob of *Arcot*, against the *Mahomet Ali Khan*. He was prevailed upon to accept a military employment in this service. This preferment was procured for him by the secret address, and rendered extremely lucrative to him, at the private expence of his brother. He set sail immediately for the coast of *Coromandel*. *Amelia* forsook her country and her connections, and braved the fury of the winds and waves to accompany him. Short time did she enjoy this high happiness. He was suddenly seized with a violent fever, which from the first deprived him of his reason, and in a few days of his life.

Poor *Amelia*, by this unforeseen and grievous calamity, was reduced to a state not to be described. But misfortunes seldom come single: and *Amelia's* were quickly aggravated very greatly; the loss of her liberty followed almost immediately the loss of her love. She was in so stupid a state, that she could not conceive properly, or feel very exquisitely her misery. The ship was taken and plundered by four cruisers belonging to

to the petty states of barbarous russians, whose corsairs at that time grievously infested the coasts of the *Mediterranean*. To the flagrant reproach of *Christendom*, these predatory republics subsisted by piracy, cruelty, and rapine, in the midst of very powerful nations, whom they often insulted with impunity; although by one vigorous exertion of their power, they might have destroyed their shipping, reduced their towns to ashes, and extirpated these miscreants totally from the face of the earth.

AN *Algerine* captain was among the first who discovered the wretched *Amelia*, scarce recovered from a miscarriage, and still delirious from her late want of rest and neglect of food. Stupid and tearless she sat by the clay-cold corpse of her husband; terrified at the savage aspects of the intruders, she clasped the lifeless body in her arms, and looked and raved with irresistible eloquence. Accustomed as he was to behold unmoved various and affecting scenes of misery, the sight of this frantic lady, who happily for herself was not at this time in a condition to excite desire, awakened in the heart of the barbarian the compassionate and kindly feelings of humanity, to which it had been long estranged. In order to screen her from the brutalities of his

harder-hearted companions, he claimed her in the name and for the use of the reigning ruffian of *Algiers*: he removed her into his own ship, and treated her even with respect and tenderness. For a considerable time she continued insensible both of her situation and her obligations. Her constitution stood, however, the shock of all her complicated distresses: she was even by care and time restored in some measure to her former health, spirits, and beauty, before the corsair had an opportunity of presenting her to his master.

THIS amorous mussulman, as she was a new object, and looked, and spoke, and did every thing with the energy and grace of a person of sense and sensibility, conceived very soon an ardent passion for her: which she rather endured than enjoyed, and which, as she was at no great pains to enliven his desires, was not of any long continuance.

SHE had just mingled undistinguished with the other numerous beauties of the seraglio, doomed to minister to the pleasures and vanity of a single man, when *Agatha* came to fill her place in the Bey's affections; and her empire over the heart of the heroë promised to be of much longer duration.

It

It was not intrigue, nor any of all the arts of coquetry, practised ordinarily and in perfection by the ambitious and aspiring inhabitants of the palace, that raised this lady to the rank of a favourite. Natural, unaffected modesty had alone procured her a preference, that is, the envied object of many desires, and the usual source of most divisions in this place. She emerged from obscurity without the assistance of a cabal; and her eyes were not dazzled with the eclat of her new condition. She cultivated the most intimate friendship with *Amelia*, whose meek and quiet spirit rendered her equally deserving of the attachments of the women, and of the devotion of sensible men.

AGATHA had succeeded her in a possession about which neither the one nor the other had any jealousy; neither was this nor any thing else hindrance to their indulging freely the mutual inclinations of their hearts towards one another. Love too, by piercing with one and the same arrow the heart of *Amelia* and that of *Courfillac*, had strongly cemented this female friendship. *Agatha*, from whom her brother had not concealed his passion, made no secret of it to her friend. "My dear *Amelia*," said she to her, "you served me as a mediatrix with my brother, " and I must serve him as an interpreter to you.

He

" He was born with a vast share of sensibility;
 " he has seen you, and fallen a victim to your
 " charms. Perhaps the conquest of my brother
 " is not unworthy of my friend. I know him;
 " and if his passion was likely to prove a misfor-
 " tune to you; if I had remarked in him any
 " thing of levity or indiscretion, far would it be
 " from me to importune you to admit of his ad-
 " dresses. But it is my sincere opinion, that he
 " will prove as good a lover to you, as I shall be
 " a friend. He will hazard every thing to knock
 " off your and my chains. Love and nature,
 " all that is dear and sacred to men, conspire to
 " prompt him to restore to us the precious
 " treasure of liberty, which our hard fate has
 " wrested from us. Repose yourself, as you
 " confidently may, upon these hopes. We have
 " no other thoughts to sooth our hearts in this
 " house of bondage. *Courfillac* is really capable
 " of a great undertaking: he has in a very emi-
 " nent degree that courage which lays fortune
 " under some sort of obligation to prosper
 " people's enterprizes. He will be our deli-
 " verer: join to this title that of your lover; and
 " damp not by your cruelty, or your indifference,
 " the spirit of a man who aspires no higher than
 " to make you happy. I had determined to have
 " this day a private interview with him; but I
 " desire and beg that you would supply my place.

" Prepare

" Prepare then, I beseech you, to keep punctually
" my assignation. *Courfillac* will be ravished at
" the exchange. The presence of a mistress
" makes ample satisfaction for the absence of a
" sister." A proposal of this nature was too
agreeable to the secret sentiments of *Amelia*, to
suffer her to reject so obliging an offer. She con-
vinced *Agatha* that she was herself under the power
of the same passion that she had given birth to in
the breast of *Courfillac*. She promised her friend
to keep the assignation.



C H A P. VIII.

The Interview of Coursillac and Amelia.

THE hour long expected with mutual anxiety came at last; and the same old woman that introduced *Coursillac* the preceding day, gave the signal agreed upon between them. He approached unperceived; the gate of the seraglio was opened; he hastened towards the apartment fixed upon for their interview with less timidity than the old woman. He had entered the room, and had been there for some time, when he saw at last the young and amiable *Amelia* made her appearance, decked in all the ornaments that modest coquetry permits. Her dress, studied, particularly studied as it was, wore still the powerful charms of ease and carelessness.

“ YOUR sister,” said she, is vastly mortified at “ having given you the trouble of coming “ here to night: she has sent me to make her “ apology. She is confined by a slight indisposition,

"sition, and had given orders that you might
"have timely notice of it; but her orders have
"not, I perceive, been properly executed."

"AH!" replied *Courfillac*, "what do I not
"owe to the person whose happy indiscretion
"did not prevent my entrance into this apart-
"ment. Little did they dream how singularly
"happy they have made me, by procuring me
"the sight of you. Heaven be praised for their
"negligence. Permit me to avail myself of the
"few short moments that we snatch from the
"watchful tyranny of our superintendants.-----
"Suffer me to disclose a secret that I should have
"long concealed in the bottom of my heart, if
"I could ever have hoped for a more favourable
"opportunity of revealing it. But the slightest
"indiscretion may deprive me for ever of the
"happiness of seeing you and speaking to you;
"and this lucky minute, which I now seize the
"opportunity of with ardour, may never more
"return. But that your modesty conceals from
"yourself the power of your charms, you would
"easily have read in my heart the secret I am
"about to reveal. I love you. I know that you
"now groan under the rigid and severe laws of
"an odious tyrant; and that this magnificent
"seraglio

“ seraglio is to you the habitation of weariness
“ and misery. These fine hands were not made
“ to wear chains, nor was your generous heart
“ made to endure captivity. You have known
“ the sweets of liberty; and one cannot call up
“ the remembrance of them, without aspiring
“ after the recovery of the only and invaluable
“ blessings that nature grants to all men, and
“ which they are no where deprived of, except
“ in these odious climates. Permit me to be the
“ happy instrument of your deliverance from
“ slavery, and to restore you to you native coun-
“ try. There, free and mistress of yourself, you
“ may act as you think proper, and dispose as
“ you please of your heart. Far be from me to
“ claim even the rights of gratitude upon it. In
“ serving you, I study my own happiness. Hap-
“ py shall I think myself, if I can only at any
“ rate effect your escape from the house of
“ bondage.”

AMELIA had expected a discourse in this strain, and had prepared her answer accordingly. She made her lover sensible that her heart was in the same situation with his own.

He left her full of gladness and joy; and now he thought of nothing but the methods of carrying off his mistress and his sister.



M

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

The Resentment of a malicious Woman.

COURSILLAC congratulated himself upon his good fortune. This happy adventure had re-established peace and sun-shine in his breast, and spread serenity over his countenance. The palace that contained in it the only object of his wishes, appeared to him no longer a hateful prison. He made now no difference between the chains of love, and those that made him the slave of the Bey: he found in his slavery all the enjoyments and relish of liberty. *Amelia*, however, did not so well brook her confinement to this odious country: she sighed for the happy time that might restore her to the land of her nativity. *Agatha*, too, pined with the same desire. The execution of this hazardous and difficult enterprise depended entirely upon *Courfillac*. Nature and love dictated this as his duty.

HE was one day musing upon this subject, when an eunuch, whose very mien and figure inspired terror, accosted him with a politeness, awkward indeed, but well intended.

“ YOUNG

" Young Frenchman," said the thing to him, " are you conscious to yourself of being capable to keep a secret of the greatest importance? " Swear to me by JESUS, for you have not the felicity to know our Prophet, that in the darkness of silence, you will hide for ever what I am going to reveal to you only." *Courfillac* promised inviolable secrecy.

" You would not certainly suspect," resumed the eunuch, " that one of my profession, contrived as it is on purpose to be a check on the pleasures of love; you would not, I say, readily expect to find in me the minister of *Venus*. So it is, however, that I come to you on love's errand; and upon the reception and success of the commission that I come charged withal, your destiny depends. *Donna Elvira*, a beautiful Spanish lady in this seraglio, has cast her eyes upon you; you have had the happiness to please her, and if you can make a proper return to her passion, you will be the happiest of men. Altho' the reign of *Donna Elvira* over the Bey be now over; altho' she now is become disregarded among his other numerous mistresses, she far surpasses all the vulgar beauties upon whom

“ the capricious proprietor of this superb edifice
 “ lavishes his favours. If you do not madly de-
 “ cline the happiness that is now within your
 “ reach, that presents itself to you, I will intro-
 “ duce you into her apartment, and answer for
 “ your security from all harm or interruption.
 “ You may safely rely upon my vigilance.

“ IMPUTE not,” replied *Courfillac*, “ my re-
 “ fusal to any fears unworthy of me. But it has
 “ pleased Heaven to subject me to a master. I
 “ must be plain to tell you, that I think Heaven
 “ has sent me him in its displeasure. Nevertheless,
 “ I consider myself as under an obligation to re-
 “ spect him, and to be faithful to him. I should
 “ think myself the meanest of mankind, if I were
 “ capable of endeavouring to rob him of a heart,
 “ to the possession, the unmolested possession of
 “ which he has, in my opinion, an undoubted
 “ and a sacred right. Return then, I request
 “ you, to your mistress; tell her she may depend
 “ entirely upon my discretion; but that she should
 “ by all means stifle a flame, of which I am un-
 “ worthy, and which might disturb the repose of
 “ her life.

THE eunuch hastened back to report this
 answer to *Donna Elvira*, who dissembled her rage
 before

before so improper a witness. "Go," said she to him, "his answer by no means surprises me. How could I expect courage in a pitiful slave? I meant only to try his fortitude; and if he had discovered himself worthy of my tenderness, I might perhaps have condescended to regard him. But since the honour of pleasing me does not appear to him well worth his engaging in a private and dangerous intrigue, I forget him for ever; and the unaccountable prejudice that I had formed in his favour, and which prevented my seeing him in his true light, is now converted into sovereign and everlasting contempt."

THE eunuch withdrew; and the jealous *Spaniard*, so soon as she was left alone, abandoned herself to all the transports of rage. "What," said she, "have I been so mean as to humble myself to sigh for the vilest of slaves? Have I even stooped so much beneath myself, as to have discovered my inclination to hazard an interview with him? Have I made overtures to him of engaging in an intrigue at the peril of my life, in the event of a discovery, or even of suspicion? And does the ungrateful wretch treat me and all my overtures with disdain? And can I pretend to reign in the heart of the Bey,

" when I am not even able to captivate the heart
 " of the meanest of his slaves? After all, there
 " would have been something to say for the
 " wretch, if he had but made the slightest return
 " for my passion. At least he might have taken
 " the pains to see whether I was worthy of his
 " notice. But he despises without knowing me.
 " The poltroon dreaded, sure, the danger of an
 " intrigue; but he ought rather to have dreaded
 " the danger of a denial. He ought to have re-
 " membered, and to have trembled at the re-
 " membrance, that no woman was ever insulted
 " with impunity. Vengeance is now in my
 " eyes supreme pleasure; and if I have any ta-
 " lent, it is precisely that of punishing with con-
 " dign rigour an ungrateful miscreant, whose
 " coldness and indifference about me, is an out-
 " rageous indignity."

FROM that time she thought only of ways
 and means of wrecking her revenge upon him.---
 Chance, in a little time, furnished her with a most
 convenient opportunity.

SHE had set spies upon *Courfillac*, who fre-
 quently followed him, and always watched his
 motions very narrowly. One evening he was
 seen entering into a dark gallery, contiguous to
 the apartment of the favourite. *Elvira*, over-
 joyed

joyed at this information, flew in an instant to the place, and stole after him with so much softness and precaution, that he heard nothing of her.

" So," said she to herself, " I have found at last the source of his disdain. This very faithful slave, who dreaded robbing his master of a heart that he despised, has no remorse at sharing with him the only one that could fix his fickle fancy. Fool that I was! might I not have readily suspected the cause of his indifference! And so this is the very cautious, timorous man, that was terrified at the bare thoughts of an amorous intrigue. Perfidious wretch! he has put himself entirely into my power. Now for vengeance; it is too fair an occasion to let slip. Let me crush at once my rival and her worthless lover. Let me deliver them both over to the Bey.—Our cause here is common. I know the mad transports of this ferocious *Mussulman*, and shall be most likely feasted with the pleasure of seeing him plunge the same dagger into the heart of the rival that supplanted me, and into the bosom of this French coxcomb that neglected me."

ACCORD-

ACCORDINGLY she hurried away to the Bey's apartments; she pressed earnestly for a moment's talk with him, and desired he might be told, that she came upon a very important piece of business, in which his glory was deeply concerned. She found access to the Bey. She composed her countenance before she made her appearance; and affected a tranquillity, to which her heart was a stranger.

"**M**y Lord," said she to him, "I have lived a long while under the unhappiness of your disregard; but I still retain the most grateful sense of the favours that you heaped upon me in the few days that my happiness continued. If my poor charms had been sufficient to have fixed your desires, perhaps my attachment to your person might have merited more constancy: at least you would not have had the pain and vexation of learning that you are betrayed."

"**B**ETRYED, did you say, my dear *Elvira*? Am I betrayed?"

"**Y**ES,

“ Yes, my Lord; your favourite sacrifices you
 “ to the vilest of slaves; to the pitiful buffoon,
 “ whose delirium was the object of your derision
 “ and contempt. Follow me, and be yourself
 “ an eye-witness of the blackest treachery that it
 “ is possible to imagine.”

LIKE *Orofmane* in the play, he followed her, trembling as he went; his eyes rolled as in madmen; he foamed with rage, and held in his hand a drawn poignard. They got in an instant to the apartment of *Agatha*: the door of it stood half open. The Bey actually perceived the French slave, seated by his favourite. “ Let us
 “ listen,” said he, “ to their discourse, and the
 “ least word that discovers any criminal corre-
 “ spondence between them, shall be a decisive
 “ sentence of instantaneous death.”

IT happened very fortunately that the words *brother* and *sister*, which were very often interchanged, opened the eyes of the Bey, and calmed his fury. The jealous *Elvira* flunk off, to hide her rage in the darkest recess of the seraglio. The Bey stepped abruptly into the apartment: *Agatha* screamed with terror: *Cour-*
fillac was confounded; he dropped down upon his knees.-----“ Compose yourself,” said he,
 “ my

" my dear *Agatha*. I have, to be sure, some
" reason to reproach you: why would you leave
" your brother to languish so long in captivity?
" Nature must reproach you for this; love may
" save itself and you that trouble, and will be
" much better employed in studying to make the
" best reparation possible for your error. This
" therefore shall be my business. From this very
" moment your brother is free. I intend to give
" him an honourable place in my service. I give
" him one in my heart, that will be much more
" precious to him, if he shews himself worthy of
" you."—From that day forward *Courfillac* was
received into the number of the Bey's officers.---
The adventure was soon known to all the court;
and this slave, who a few days before was gene-
rally despised, found himself presently surrounded
with flatterers.

C H A P. X.

Courfillac is surprised with Amelia, and conducted to Prison.

AT the beginning of his metamorphoses, Courfillac never availed himself of his influence over his master, but only to solicit the liberty of sundry unhappy wretches, and especially of his own countrymen, who pined in captivity. He had been a slave without meanness, and he was now a great man without pride. They who had always believed that insolence was inseparable from distinguished rank, could not possibly conceive, how this fortunate upstart was so modest. His engaging and affable manners inspired an esteem for French people.

STRANGERS often form their judgement of a nation from the conduct of a single man. Travellers ought therefore to be extremely circumspect; they ought to remember that all eyes are fixed upon them, and that the glory of their country often depends upon their most inconsiderable actions.

COUR-

COURSILLAC overwhelmed with his benefits those very people, who had aggravated his captivity by their cruel insults and contempt. The barbarians were entirely unacquainted with this manner of revenge; the only one with which great and generous hearts are acquainted. The Bey was enchanted to find in this *Frenchman* such noble sentiments; they made a very lively impression upon his heart.

“ CHRISTIAN,” said he to him one day, “ I do not repent of having changed you condition. You are worthy of the rank and station to which I have raised you. The laws of this state permit not, ‘tis true, any but *Mussulmen* to approach my person: but a ruler of men may easily set himself above the controul of certain capricious laws. I venture upon this stretch of authority upon your account; and do not require you to change your religion.--- Serve *God*; serve me; he has commanded you to obey even his enemies. Enjoy perfect liberty in my palace; let me be no constraint upon your conversations with your sister.”

If *Courfillac* had been an artful courtier, if he had possessed so much command of himself as to have sacrificed some transient pleasures, to a durable and solid establishment, he might have laid the most stable foundations of greatness, and built considerably upon them every day. But he was young; he was in love too; and a constancy of happiness itself would have appeared to him insipid. He had a perpetual itch after adventures and *metamorphoses*. He saw his sister every day at stated hours. He had at first a scruple at carrying on a correspondence with *Amelia*, that might interfere with the pleasures of the Bey.--- But love was his casuist, and took off the edge of his remorse, by suggesting specious excuses, and colouring over with a deceitful varnish, a step that was by no means innocent or justifiable.

“ WHAT,” said Love to him, “ does this impious and unjust master pretend to claim, or “ to extort the affections of a lady, whom he “ keeps in captivity? Reason revolts against an “ usurpation so tyrannical; the hard and injurious fate that has overpowered *Amelia*, has by “ no means deprived her either of her faculties, “ or of the right of disposing of her heart: she

N

“ is

" is pleased to give it to me ; my refusal of it
" would be wrong, and I ought to hazard every
" thing to please her."

UPON this fallacious principle he fancied he might still continue to carry on a private intrigue with *Amelia*; secure, if not from the imputation, at least from the crime of ingratitude. Every day, under the plausible pretext of visiting his sister, he passed the pleasurablest part of his time with his dear *Amelia*. He discovered every time that he saw her, new charms in her person; he left her always intoxicated with the illusions of love; and every time that he returned to her, he was more passionately enamoured. At last his passion had come to its full growth, when an accident, which he might easily have foreseen, if he had not been totally blinded, put an effectual stop to the course of his prosperity, and plunged him again into the abyss from which he had been but a short time delivered.

HE had gone to pay a visit to his sister; *Amelia*, too, was there, and all three were consulting together about the proper expedients for recovering their liberty. The conversation began to grow warm. They talked all together about the happiness

happiness of revisiting their native country. "How happy should I be," said *Courfillac* to *Amelia*, with a very natural, but ill-judged elevation of voice, "if I could put off the chains of this Turk, to put on yours. I should still be a slave in fact; but Kings would envy my slavery, did they but know the sweets of it. "Yes, my dear *Amelia*, I swear to you,"----- he dropped upon his knees; he swore a thousand oaths of love. But at that instant the door burst open, and the Bey appeared.

I LEAVE my reader to form his own conceptions of the different situations of these four people. Let his own imagination paint them in their respective attitudes: *Courfillac*, trembling, distracted, and in a manner petrified; *Amelia* in confusion, with her eyes rivetted to the floor; *Agatha* in the utmost terror and trepidation for herself, her brother, and her friend; the Bey, in a furious fit of jealousy, his eyes flaming with choler, and roving with fiery and fierce indignation from *Amelia* to *Courfillac*, and from *Courfillac* to *Amelia*. He attempted to give utterance to his rage; but could only pronounce some inarticulate sounds. At last he recovered in some measure his voice, and turning to *Courfillac* with a

look of ineffable contempt, “ Despicable *Chri-*
 “ *tian!*” said he, “ ignominious slave! and is
 “ this your return for all my kindness? Go: I
 “ have richly deserved this treatment. I must
 “ humble myself, forsooth, to put my confidence
 “ in the vilest of slaves. He has deceived me.
 “ I ought to have expected it. But do not
 “ imagine that you can offend such a person-
 “ age as I, with impunity. Go, and in a
 “ horrible prison wait the just chastisement of
 “ your temerity. As for you, whom my blind
 “ love has loaded with favours, be ye from this
 “ time forward the slaves of your rivals; it is
 “ the only punishment I inflict upon you: I am
 “ sensible it will be abundantly severe.

COURSILLAC would willingly have turned entirely upon himself the wrath of his master, which he thought he deserved. He swore that *Amelia* had never lent an ear to his addresses, and that he had made a thousand vain attempts to shake her constancy, which she had always rejected with horror.

THE tender *Amelia* could not bear this kind of discourse. She displayed all her eloquence to diminish in the eyes of the Bey, the crime of her lover, because she was, in fact, as guilty as he;
 and

and there arose between them a conflict of generosity, which must have softened any other heart but that of a jealous man.

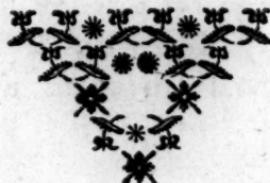
"I UNDERSTAND you perfectly," replied the Bey. "If I even had not heard your dis-course, your eyes would have convinced me sufficiently, that your hearts are in agree-ment."

HE called his guards that instant, who dragged off the unhappy *Courfillac*, still casting looks full of anxiety and tenderness upon the unfortunate *Amelia*.

THE guards conducted him through the midst of the city; and people were as much astonished at his downfall, as they had been at his elevation.-----The virtues which he had displayed, during the short course of his prosperity, virtues he really possessed, occasioned some lamentations, which are always dear to people of sensibility.

HE was carried to a tower upon the coast of the sea, where he was treated as a prisoner of state. The jailor attended him with profound respect; he prevented his calls, and obeyed

ed his nods. In a word, he resembled the unhappy victims whom our ancestors fattened for the altars of the Gods.



C H A P. XI.

Coursillac is condemned to an infamous Punishment.

SOLITUDE is the parent of reflexions. In retirement, the soul not diverted or distract ed by external objects, is entirely recollect ed, and engages with vigour in the study of truth.

COURSILLAC, shut up in a dark prison, and left entirely to himself, was naturally and necessarily led to reflect much and often upon his former follies and irregularities. He now considered with himself how one single indiscreet step had drawn him into a labyrinth of errors, from which he could never more extricate himself, but only to go to execution. Repentance inspired, too late, the wise resolution of seeking his happiness in the obscurity of a private and a peaceful life. The time for this was now over. He knew that an injured and a jealous lover, who had his rival entirely in his own hands, would stop at nothing. He saw nothing now remained for him but certain death. But still, even in this critical situation, he was not so much affected

affected with his own misfortunes, as with the disgraces and misfortunes of *Agatha* and *Amelia*, of which he considered himself as the author.— He would sometimes imagine that he saw the furious muzzelman, with his poignard over their heads, dragging them to the barbarous sight of the scaffold which was prepared for his execution. Nature and love by turns kept his heart in exquisite pain.

“ *AH!*” said he, “ perhaps at this moment *Agatha* and *Amelia* envy the punishment that will put an end to my life at once. For why” said he, “ should I disguise it from myself, certain as I am, that nothing less than life can appease a jealous wretch, who is possessed of absolute, arbitrary power, and who makes no account of the life of a man. Will he stick at signing a sentence of death, who is of opinion that Heaven created his fellow-creatures for no other purpose but to be either the instruments of his pleasure, or the victims of his fury. Alas, my dear *Dorigni!* thou art an utter stranger to my fate, and I must die equally ignorant of thine. Would I had some friendly messenger to carry you my final farewell, and obligingly to inform you, that I expire faithful to friendship as well as to love.

“ May

“ May Heaven watch over your life, and fill it
“ with prosperity.”

FROM this moment *Courfillac* thought of nothing but the fatal stroke that was to dissolve his soul from his body. He prepared for it as a philosopher. He considered death as the vindication of his soul into liberty; as the happy minute of his introduction into a world of perfect spirits; as an awakening in the morning that dissipates the wild ravings and illusions of the night, and disposes the mind to engage and to persevere with vigour, alacrity, and success in the pursuit of truth, that is, its guide and proper aliment.

MEANWHILE the prison doors were opened, and *Courfillac* saw an officer of the Bey's enter, attended with guards. He believed immediately that he came to conduct him to execution. The officer looked terribly at him, and pulling a paper out of his pocket, read to him his sentence. It condemned him to that punishment which destroys a man without putting an end to his life: that frightful punishment which cost the tender and passionate *Heloise* so many tears, when a cruel hand tarnished the source of her pleasures, and in a great measure extinguished the fire of *Abelard*.

THE

THE officer, after reading this horrid sentence, spoke to *Courfillac* as follows.

“ THE Bey, my master, did not think that
“ death was a punishment proportionate to your
“ crime. He intends to keep you alive, to be
“ the victim of his vengeance. He reserves you
“ to serve in the quality of an eunuch the very
“ same woman whom your rash and criminal
“ passion tempted from her duty. He moreover
“ is sensible that the dread of punishment is more
“ painful and cruel than the punishment itself;
“ he has therefore given orders to put off your
“ punishment for eight days, in order that you
“ may view it in all its horrid circumstances, and
“ suffer it a thousand times over. There is no
“ torture cruel enough to punish ingratitude. I
“ abandon you to yourself; and leave in your own
“ heart the knife that should be the principal in-
“ strument of your punishment.”

C H A P. XII.

Coursillac's Escape; and what happened afterwards.—He finds a Retreat with a Philosopher.

THE wife of the keeper of the prison was present when the sentence of the unfortunate *Coursillac* was read. The first time she saw him, she could not help feeling secret sentiments of compassion. His resolute air, and manly manner, above all things interested her.

IT is not by shedding tears, and pouring forth complaints and lamentations, that an unfortunate person attracts the attention and interests the hearts of beholders. Courage and fortitude more effectually soften us, and we are seldom, and but weakly inclined to pity those who sink under their misfortunes.

THERE is but a short and easy transition from pity to love. The gradation is insensible. *Rufina*, for that was this woman's name, conceived

ceived the most violent passion for *Courfillac*. He might easily have perceived this, by the particular pains that she took to alleviate his captivity. But love had been the author of his ruin, and he was far from thinking that this cruel god would watch over him in a prison. Inattentive and insensible to all the caresses of his amorous keeper, he received them without gratitude and without disdain, but with a coldness and an indifference that drove her to despair. She groaned heavily within herself, when she learned the particular punishment that was destined for this amiable young man.

“WHAT,” said she to herself, “has love formed him with so many and such powerful charms, to suffer them to be all blasted by the barbarous hands of an executioner? Shall the fire of these beautiful eyes be put out, and his heart rendered unsusceptible of that tender passion that burns in my breast? No. I cannot endure the thoughts of it.”

SHE returned immediately in a fit of distraction to the prison of *Courfillac*, whom she found plunged in deep and frightful melancholy.

“YOUNG

" YOUNG Christian," said she to him, " your
 " country gave me birth, and your religion was
 " the religion of my infancy. I am of French
 " extraction, and was once a *Christian*, as you
 " are now. I love and cherish still the people
 " of the country of my nativity; and it is this
 " just attachment which inspires me with the
 " design of snatching you from the punishment
 " to which you are sentenced. May this goad
 " office be considered as some reparation for the
 " crime which I committed in abjuring the
 " Christian faith, and stifling the strong remon-
 " strances of my conscience. This very night
 " you shall be a free man; I will run all risks
 " to effect your escape. Nor need you fear
 " that the danger and terrible consequences of
 " this undertaking will descend immediately upon
 " me. The anger of the Bey will fall entirely
 " upon my husband. He is a wretch that does not
 " deserve to live; he fills my life with bitterness
 " and vexation, and treats me, in a word, as if I
 " was the very meanest of slaves. I remember
 " that I was a Christian myself, and I shall
 " have no kind of scruple about ruining a bar-
 " barous Mussulman, to save an innocent and
 " an unfortunate Christian."

COURSILLAC scarce gave himself the smallest trouble to find out the true motive that interested this woman in his affairs ; all that he concerned himself about, was to seize and improve the fair occasion that Heaven offered for his deliverance from slavery, and his escape from a kind of punishment, the consequence of which appeared to him more frightful than death itself.

THE tower in which he was shut up, was built upon a bastion that stretched a little way into the sea. Towards the close of the day, his kind, officious keeper came to find out her impatient prisoner. She conducted him by dark stairs, to the very top of the tower. She had prepared a rope on purpose for him, and a boat, manned with four excellent rowers, waited for him at the foot of the bastion.

" CHRISTIAN," said she to him, as they parted,
 " you see every thing favours your escape : re-
 " turn safe to your country and mine ; and some-
 " times think kindly of the poor woman who
 " restores you this night to your liberty. Alas !
 " she must in all probability be doomed to the
 " miseries from which she now delivers you."

COURSILLAC

COURSILLAC testified his gratitude in very few words. He slid down the rope with haste and alacrity, and got into the boat unperceived. It conveyed him on board a Spanish vessel, which was luckily at that time in the road. But *Courfillac* sighed heavily when he observed the blazing lights of the seraglio, which inclosed the dear object of his love.

THE Spanish captain was a mild, sociable man. The roughness of his employment had no kind of influence upon his character. He was a gay, cheerful, complaisant companion: he treated his inferiors with humanity, his equals with politeness, and strangers with generosity. These accomplishments were the more estimable and meritorious in this mariner, as they are but rarely to be found in sea-faring men.

THE captain derived these cardinal accomplishments, not so much from a long and extensive commerce with the world, which it is not of itself sufficient to confer; he owed his urbanity and his social qualities more to a liberal education, and to his cultivation of literature and science; which, when prosecuted with taste, and without pedantry, almost always give this

cast to the character. This extraordinary sea-officer joined to his knowledge of the belles lettres, singular skill in astronomy, and a thorough acquaintance with the theory of navigation, and all naval affairs. In a word, he was deeply skilled in sundry branches of abstruse science, of which little and weak minds can only admit a very general and superficial tincture. He was charmed to meet in *Courfillac*, a man who could converse with him upon subjects that had employed the greatest part of his thoughts and leisure time. He caressed him greatly; kept him constantly at his own table; and gave him hopes of procuring him in Spain, some establishment worthy of him. But these fine, ideal expectations soon vanished, like a cloud of dust, which the winds disperse through the air.

IT was the fate of *Courfillac* to be the sport of the sea, as well as the sport of fortune. They were already within view of the coasts of *Catalonia*, when two Algerine corsairs gave chase to the Spanish vessel. Every consideration indued them to avoid, at any rate, an enemy whose forces were vastly superior to theirs.

THE Spanish captain, who was perfectly acquainted with the coasts of *Catalonia*, kept so very near

near them, that the corsairs durst not venture to follow him. But a sudden blast of wind surprised him in this situation, and forced his vessel with so much violence against the rocks, that it was dashed to pieces.

THE worthy *Spaniard* would not quit his ship until he had seen his whole crew safe into the boat, and particularly his dear *Courfillac*. He sat upon the wreck of his vessel, and issued his orders with a presence of mind that was truly noble and heroic. He never once seemed to dream of saving himself from the shipwreck. He was the victim of his own humanity. The sea swallowed him up.

COURSILLAC would have thrown himself into the waves, to have saved him, if possible. But he was forcibly withheld from doing it; and he saw the most estimable of men perish before his eyes, without being able to give him the slightest assistance. He conceived such indignation at the barbarous sailors, who had seen unmoved their brave captain perish, without endeavouring in the least to assist him, that he presently separated himself from them, after reproaching them severely with their ingratitude. But they mocked and laughed

at him and his reproaches, and set out, following the course of the coast, for the port of *Carthagina*. He also walked along the shore, but in an opposite direction, and without knowing whither he went. He fixed his eyes, bathed in tears, upon the rocks where he had seen his dear friend, the captain, expire. He wandered a great while along the shore; at last the tempest subsided, and was succeeded by a calm and serene day.

COURSILLAC perceived across the rocks a narrow winding path, that conducted to the top of a rocky mountain. He entered it immediately, and crawled with difficulty and pain along the rocks. After many wearisome efforts, he arrived at last at the summit of this mountain, the height of which had so greatly terrified him.

OVERPOWERED with fatigue, and still shuddering at the thoughts of the danger which he had so lately and so narrowly escaped, he threw himself down disconsolate, at the foot of a large and spreading oak, which the hand of nature had planted upon the very summit of this mountain. From this height he extended his view over the adjacent plain, which presented a prospect truly worthy of the observation of a philosopher,

If one was to call to mind the most beautiful paintings which the antient poets have left us of the valley of *Tempe*, meadows enamelled with flowers, little plantations of trees scattered here and there, fruitful fields, hills covered with flocks, &c. one would still have but a very imperfect idea of all the natural beauties and riches of the charming plain that was now the delightful scene of *Courfillac's* observation. His eyes wandered over it, and feasted upon it with pleasure. He admired infinitely what one might call the vast industry and matchless ingenuity of nature, which seemed to have reared up this mountain on purpose to prevent the stormy winds from approaching her favourite plain, where she had collected together, her finest beauties, and her rarest productions.

AT the foot of this mountain, between two rocks, he perceived a large arbour, surrounded by a garden, which contained in it all that the earth could produce, either useful or agreeable. This curious house was constructed with art, with elegance and taste, and *Courfillac* could not imagine that it was the retreat of a simple shepherd. "Whoever," said he, "be the ingenious mortal that has fixed his abode in this asylum,
" doubtless

"doubtless he will not scruple to share it with
 "an unfortunate wretch, whom the merciless
 "tempest has thrown, stripped of every thing,
 "upon this coast."

He descended immediately, and removed the slight barrier, which served rather for an ornament to the garden, than to render it inaccessible. He entered the rural house, which he found adorned with every precious thing that either art could invent, or nature supply. Pictures, in the composition of which there were the finest shades, the most beautiful colours, and the boldest strokes; various masterly pieces of sculpture; rare and curious plants without number, and all in the nicest order, and truest taste. In a word, every thing that he saw was a convincing proof that the solitary being, who inhabited this charming retreat, was no ordinary man.

He was buried in the delightful contemplation of these beauties, when he saw the proprietor of the place enter. He appeared to be a man about eight and twenty; he had a noble and majestic air, a well-proportioned shape, a piercing eye, was altogether a most interesting figure, and prepossessed every one in his favour. He was dressed like a plain shepherd, but even the simplicity

city and easy negligence of his dress, spread over his whole person inexpressible gracefulness.

"PARDON me," said *Courfille* to him, "if I have had the temerity to intrude myself upon you; I imagined I should have found you within. This incivility, I presume, you will think pardonable, when I have once informed you of my present situation. I am an unhappy man, whom a storm has thrown upon this coast. I have been just able to drag myself along to your enchanting habitation, where I hope your generosity will afford me some accommodation. Every thing that I see here confirms me in this agreeable expectation, and convinces me that I shall not claim in vain the rights and privileges of humanity in distress."

"No," replied his generous host, "you are not mistaken;----you are a man and in misery. These two considerations are equally dear to my heart.----I regard all men as my brethren. It is upon this principle, that I pursue my own felicity in promoting the happiness of others. But you see nothing here that indicates the conveniences of opulence, or the splendor of luxury. I admit only simple beauties into my retreat. My wants are always the bounds of my desires. I possess

"only

" only the decent necessaries of life. Share them
 " with me and welcome. Be seated, I beseech
 " you, and repose yourself after your vast fa-
 " tigues."

He prepared a frugal repast for him, after which he conducted him to a small apartment of his arbour, where there was a bed extremely neat and commodious, but neither curious nor costly. *Courfillac* threw himself upon it, and fell asleep.



C H A P. XIII.

*The History of the Philosopher.—The fortunate Issue
of Coursillac's Adventure.*

NEXT morning when *Coursillac* awakened, he was surprised to find that he was left alone. He did not know what to think of the character of his whimsical, but amicable host. He admired the confidence with which he left him master of his house. He found upon the table a breakfast prepared; but though he imagined, and imagined truly, that it was prepared for him, he went out to indulge his own reflections in the garden, until his host should return. He saw him return at last; and after mutual compliments, *Coursillac* would fain learn from his own mouth to whom he was indebted for all these civilities.

“ I WOULD not be thought,” said he to him, “ to pry indiscreetly into your private affairs, or “ to indulge an impertinent curiosity about what “ you may think proper to conceal. But every “ thing

“ thing that I see here evinces me perfectly,
 “ that you have not been born in this obscurity.
 “ In vain would you endeavour to persuade me
 “ of this. If no very important reason obliges
 “ you to secrecy and concealment, I should be
 “ greatly pleased to know the real history of your
 “ life.”

“ You see,” replied his host, “ a philosopher,
 “ who was long in quest of happiness, and who
 “ would never have found it, if his enemies had
 “ not pointed out the true road to it.

“ I was sufficiently distinguished by my birth
 “ to have a place and considerable name in the
 “ great world. If I had chosen to play the part
 “ assigned me upon this illustrious theatre, per-
 “ haps I had merited, as many others have done,
 “ the suffrages of the vulgar, and perhaps at the
 “ same time the contempt of the wise. But my
 “ philosophical humour tempted me early to re-
 “ nounce a life of gaiety or business on so con-
 “ spicuous a scene. I concerned myself no far-
 “ ther with the world, than only to study to
 “ discover the secret springs that set this vast
 “ machine in motion. So soon as I thought I
 “ understood them tolerably, I retired from the
 “ beau monde, to live upon a small estate that
 “ belonged

"belonged to my family ; and from the depth
 "of my retreat and obscurity I had the boldness
 "to inveigh severely against the manners of the
 "times. The Inquisition thundered terribly
 "against my writings ; and I had friendly notice
 "privately conveyed to me, that my liberty it-
 "self was in imminent danger. I withdrew,
 "therefore, precipitately, and came to find an
 "asylum among these rocks. Here I found
 "happiness, and here I fixed my abode. I know
 "that my absence has calmed the fury of the
 "cabals that were formed against me ; and that
 "the Inquisition has had for some time past,
 "and has now, more serious affairs, than to
 "pursue a philosopher, whose sole ambition and
 "pleasure is, not to disturb, but only to instruct
 "society.

"PERHAPS I might now shew myself at Ma-
 "drid without any danger ; and the authority
 "and influence of some powerful friends, might
 "at least ballance the tumultuous rage of the
 "envious. But why should I retire from this
 "desart, where I enjoy myself, and where soli-
 "tude offers me all the good things that I sought
 "for in vain upon the tempestuous sea of the
 "world ? I know well the shelves and rocks of

" it; and the many shipwrecks I have seen,
 " have made me perfectly acquainted with it.—
 " Neither the court nor the city have any thing
 " in them that appears to me worthy of my am-
 " bition. All that I now pretend to aim at is,
 " to maintain the empire that I have acquired
 " over myself. I employ myself entirely in re-
 " forming the defects and imperfections of na-
 " ture, and those that education may have super-
 " added to them. I found the depths of my own
 " heart. I endeavour to find out the seeds of
 " my rising passions, and tear up the deep roots
 " of those which habit has fortified. I nourish
 " and improve my mind by reading works of ac-
 " knowledged solidity; and sometimes I cheer
 " my imagination with the happy inventions of
 " poetry. In a word, I labour to perfect my
 " being; it is my only study; and 'tis the only
 " study worthy of man."

COURSILLAC reasoned a long while with
 himself: he flattered the opinions that he had
 found out by his address, and gained the phi-
 losopher's confidence, at the expence of a little
 adulmentation.

" I AM.

“ I AM exceedingly thankful,” said the Philosopher, “ to the fury of the winds, which, in throwing you upon this coast, procured me a friend, worthy of my utmost regard and esteem. It was a treasure that was wanting to complete my felicity; for I must confess to you, there were moments when I found my solitude wearisome and disgusting. But now, that I enjoy your company, every day of my life will pass with enjoyment and satisfaction.”

COURSILLAC determined to spend his whole life with this amiable recluse; and to renounce for ever the vain pleasures that intoxicate the people of the world. He imagined that he could bid defiance to Fortune in this retirement; at least he flattered himself that she would forget an unhappy wretch, whom a vagabond humour had made a long time the sport of her caprices. He recollects his adventures, his errors, and his faults; like a mariner, who, in a safe and peaceful harbour, dreams over the dangers he has undergone.

THE philosopher, at certain fixed hours went forth from their rural house, under the pretext of

enjoying a solitary walk, and of contemplating in the environs the charming beauties of nature. He did not chuse, he said, to share this pleasure with any mortal. He appeared to be a perfect niggard of it, and would not suffer, by any means, *Courfillac* to accompany him in these excursions.

“ ALLOW me,” said he to him, “ some moments of solitude; the slightest object is capable of diverting my attention, and distracting my meditations. I must be entirely solitary to enter into myself, and to enjoy the sweet and charming pleasures of reflection. I beg, therefore, that you would not follow me.”

THE Philosopher withdrew; and *Courfillac* durst not follow him. He was apprehensive lest his officious presence might break the thread of his sublime reflections. He was far from suspecting the true motive of his peregrinations. At the times that he went out upon them, *Courfillac*, out of respect and deference, was accustomed to retire into a deep grotto, considerably off the road that the solitary Philosopher was wont to take. There he mused ordinarily upon abstruse points. But the importunate image of the lovely *Amelia* would frequently obtrude itself upon

upon him, and divert the course of his reflections. " This is indeed a delightful abode," would he say to himself; " but it would be infinitely more beautiful if it were animated by the presence of my sweet angel."

ALWAYS when he returned to the abode of the Philosopher, he found him returned home, with his countenance inflamed, and pleasure painted in his eyes. He was no longer the same creature: the joy with which his heart was intoxicated, spread over his whole conversation and behaviour an inexpressible charm: his philosophy became vastly more gracious and captivating; it had nothing dark, or forbidding, or ungainly in it. He seemed to be totally reconciled to p'leasure, and in love with life.

COURSILLAC continued long ignorant of the cause that produced in two hours such an extraordinary alteration in the character of the philosopher. He determined at last to trace him in his walks, and to be a spy upon his actions; but in such a circumspect way as to give him neither umbrage nor suspicion.

THE Philosopher left him one very fine evening, under his ordinary pretext of abandoning himself freely and without witness to his own reflections. *Courfillac* marked the road that he took, and could not help observing many turns and deviations, that appeared to him singular and suspicious. He followed him with his eyes, and saw him turn into an alcove, formed by the hands of nature. He approached towards it unperceived, and placed himself in such an advantageous situation, as that he could observe every thing that was done there. Don *L*****, for so the Philosopher was named, threw himself upon a bed of grass, enamelled with flowers. His countenance became gradually inflamed, agitation and impatience were very strongly painted in his eyes.

"WHAT," said *Courfillac* to himself, "is this the visage of a man absorbed in thought and meditation? No, surely. He appears to me in the greatest perturbation imaginable: and if I were to conjecture from appearances, I should imagine a scene was ready to open, which I very little expected."

IN fact he soon after observed a young woman hastening from the neighbouring village, in whom were united all the charms that nature could bestow, without the assistance of art. One, however, might observe in her dress, modest as it was, some little projects of gallantry; and it was easy to read in her eyes a design of pleasing, which she could not possibly conceal. Her gait was majestic and easy; her gestures had nothing awkward in them; and from her appearance it was visible that she had received a better education than falls commonly to the share of villagers. Her smile was delicately fine, and she had nothing of that excessive simplicity, that borders upon silliness and folly. She walked at a speedy rate towards the alcove, where the Philosopher lay expecting her. Her looks, which were timorous and restless, she threw anxiously every way, and seemed above all things to dread detection.

DON L**** flew to meet her, embraced her with the most lively ardour, and carried her with him into the alcove. She seated herself upon a throne of flowers, which he had prepared for her. As for him, he stretched himself out at her feet, supporting himself on her knees. She suffered him

him to continue in this posture, and *Courfillac* concluded that their long and intimate acquaintance authorised this familiarity. He was placed at too great a distance to hear their discourse; but their gestures, their looks, and every thing evidently testified, that neither metaphysical nor moral questions were the subjects of their conversation.

“ AND so,” said he to himself, “ this Philosopher has had the address to throw a mist over my eyes, and to persuade me, that he seeks solitude only to meditate more freely. “ Appearances deceived me; and I thought that “ his heart was abundantly proof against the “ storms that trouble vulgar souls. What I now “ see convinces me, that all men are subject to “ the weaknesses and infirmities of nature; and “ that the most haughty philosopher pretends in “ vain to free men from the yoke of their passions. This example gives me some sort of “ confidence; and from this time forward I “ shall blush less for my errors.”

THE night, which in these fine countries covers very early the face of Heaven with its veil, separated our two lovers. They parted with regret; and while they bade one another adieu,

adieu, *Courfillac* slipped out of his concealment, and hastened to the habitation of the philosopher, who came home soon after, with the confidence of a man who imagines that no person has discovered his motions.

SOME days after as *Courfillac* walked in a meadow, he saw a man approach him, of an advanced age, mounted upon a horse of a very beautiful colour, and accompanied with a numerous train of domestics.

“ WHOEVER you be,” said this respectable old man to *Courfillac*, as he saluted him, “ be not insensible to the fate of an unhappy father, who has past from country to country in search of his son. My restless tenderness has put me upon a thousand fruitless scents. At last I have learned, with strong circumstances of probability, that he has been seen upon this coast. If, Sir, you could give me but the smallest intelligence about him, you might certainly depend upon sharing that paternal affection which has made me a wanderer to this place, and I should spare no expence to contribute to your happiness.”

He discovered that he was the father of Don L*****, and importuned him to reveal to him the place of his retreat. *Courfillac* hesitated ; he dreaded lest his indiscretion might displease his friend : but at last he could no longer resist the tears of an affectionate father, with whose sorrow and emotion he very tenderly sympathised.

“ CHEER up your heart,” said he to him ;
 “ dry up the source of your tears ; I undertake to
 “ bring you to the amiable son, whose loss you
 “ deplore ; and you will still find him, I assure
 “ you, perfectly worthy of your highest love and
 “ esteem. He lives a solitary life in this neigh-
 “ bourhood, and his retreat has become the
 “ asylum of persecuted virtue.”

THE worthy father wept at hearing the mention of his son’s virtues. “ Conduct me,” said he, “ towards him ; I want above all things “ to see him ; I shall expire with joy in his “ arms.”

THEY

THEY arrived at his curious habitation ; they entered it together. The Philosopher was not yet returned ; love kept him with his amiable villager, engaged in inspiring the passion that penetrated his inmost soul. Little did he expect or look for the very tender scene that nature had prepared for him.

HE returned at last ; but judge of his surprize at seeing again a father, whose wrath he dreaded above all things. They long looked at each other in silence. The son prepared himself to receive, as became him, the reproaches which his own heart had frequently upbraided him with.

COURSILLAC, the sole spectator of this scene, was struck as silent and as speechless as the actors themselves were ; and the three together made a fine and striking piece of painting.

THE father at last broke this affecting silence, and spoke to his son in such a grave and serious manner, as plainly discovered neither excessive anger, nor misplaced and ill-judged weakness.

" My

" My son," said he to him, " for I am still
 " pleased to call you by this dear name, your
 " errors have not yet effaced you from my
 " heart. I am still your father; and I have like-
 " wise a right to be your judge. You have had,
 " shall I say the temerity, or the intrepidity, to
 " broach very dangerous opinions. The perse-
 " cution of a rigorous and terrible tribunal laid
 " you under the necessity of flying, in order to
 " let the ferment of the public, incensed and
 " prejudiced against you, subside. I was not in
 " the least surprize at your making your escape:
 " I was sensible it was a proper and a necessary
 " step. But why would you conceal from me
 " the place of your retreat? Did you not
 " know my heart? Have I merited this distrust?"

DON L**** felt the full weight of this re-
 proach. He blushed, and owned his love for
 the young villager. The father, in spite of his
 Spanish pride, consented to their marriage. It
 was celebrated at *Madrid*, where *Coursillac* met
 again with his sister, and his dear *Amelia*, whom
Dorigni had carried off from the Bey's seraglio.
 He espoused his *Amelia*, and *Agatha* was joined in
 the bonds of wedlock with *Dorigni*.

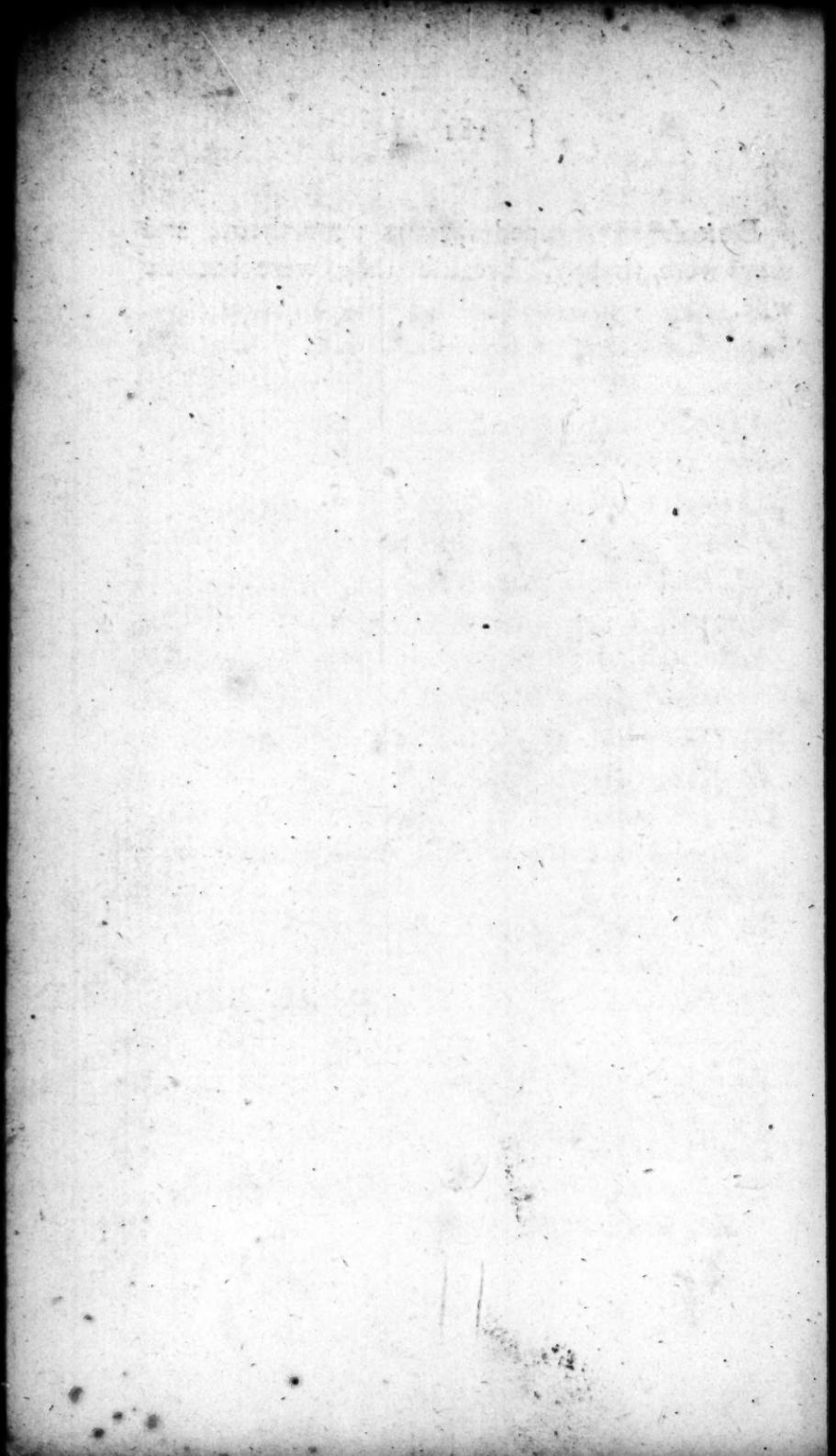
Don

DON L**** heaped favours upon them; and they were happy, because they were become wise.

F I N I S.



Q





CONTENTS.

P A R T I.

| | Page |
|---|------|
| <i>THE Birth and Education of Coursillac,</i> | 1 |
| <i>The Abuse of paternal Authority,</i> | 5 |
| <i>Coursillac's Plan, and the Character of Dorigni,</i> | 12 |
| <i>Their Departure, and Arrival at Aix,</i> | 16 |
| <i>Their Arrival at Lyons, and their Reception into a Company of Players,</i> | 21 |
| <i>The Consequence of Coursillac's Indiscretion,</i> | 27 |
| <i>An Apology for the Stage,</i> | 30 |
| <i>Dorigni makes his first Appearance upon the Stage.—Coursillac falls in Love with an Actress,</i> | 36 |
| <i>The Success of Dorigni's Amour—with Euphe- mia; and the Jealousy of Coursillac,</i> | 39 |
| <i>The Fate of Coursillac's Tragedy; and his De- parture,</i> | 47 |
| <i>An unforeseen Adventure,</i> | 50 |
| <i>False Enchantments,</i> | 58 |
| <i>Dorigni rejoins Coursillac,</i> | 65 |
| <i>The Marriage of two Players celebrated upon the Sea, and the Issue thereof,</i> | 70 |

P A R T

C O N T E N T S.

P A R T II.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| <i>Coursillac is taken for a Fool,</i> | 79 |
| <i>The first Formation of an interesting Intrigue,</i> | 86 |
| <i>The Recognition,</i> | 91 |
| <i>The Adventures of Agatha,</i> | 98 |
| <i>Continuation of Agatha's Adventures,</i> | 105 |
| <i>The Sequel of ditto,</i> | 117 |
| <i>The Story of Amelia,</i> | 121 |
| <i>The Interview of Coursillac and Amelia,</i> | 130 |
| <i>The Resentment of a malicious Woman,</i> | 134 |
| <i>Coursillac is surprised with Amelia, and conducted to Prison,</i> | 143 |
| <i>Coursillac is condemned to an infamous Punishment,</i> | 151 |
| <i>Coursillac's Escape ; he finds a Retreat with a Philosopher,</i> | 155 |
| <i>The History of the Philosopher ; and fortunate Issue of Coursillac's Adventure,</i> | 167 |

